

# Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

DEATH WALKS WITH A WIGGLE!

FEBRUARY 1961  
FIFTY CENTS

1961 BEAUTY CALENDAR  
In Full Color

HOW TO BE  
IMPOSSIBLE!

STACKING  
A DECK  
WITH QUEENS



## PILLOW TALK



# Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISPOSITION

RED GOTTFRIED • editor

MICHAEL PAUL RAND • art editor

H. B. MENS • contributing editor

FEB., 1961  
VOL. 4, NO. 3

## table of contents

### ARTICLES

JOHN BULL'S FAN ON SACRED CORPS  
ROMANCE ON A SMOOZING  
THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER

By Don Gordon 12  
By Ralph Blum 38  
By Charles V. Nemo 58

### FICTION

THE PASSIONATE NAME-DROPPER  
OLIVERS TRUSTS  
DEATH FALES WITH A BANGLE  
THE MAKING OF A MAN

By Ted Mack 4  
By Al Spector and Jim Lehrer 16  
By Connor Soltes 38  
By Martin J. Golding 50

### SPECIAL NEW YEAR'S BONUS

1961 BEAUTY CALENDAR

Full Color Parapostergal 59

### PICTORIAL

TOTEM AND TABOO  
STICKS PICK SLICK PIX  
THE TOP TEN EXOTICS FOR 1960

Glamour Special 10  
Personality Feature 42  
Entertainment Gallery 54

### FULL COLOR

WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE  
LET'S PRETEND  
STACKING A DECK WITH QUEENS

Dandy Feature 26  
Entertainment Feature 30  
Glamour Special 34

### HUMOR

"GO POWDER YOUR NOSE!"  
RECKLING THE RECKLESS  
HOW TO BE IMPOSSIBLE

By Ray Martin 34  
By Jack Heller 32  
By Steve Robinson 44

### DEPARTMENTS

SHOPPING ACES  
ACE-BITE BOOKS AND RECORDS  
THE JOKER'S GEMS

Best Bets 4  
By Ken Neale 4  
Postcards of Rib-ticklers 32

COVER PHOTO by Ann Fagan

ACE MAGAZINE, Vol. 4, No. 3, February, 1961 issue. Published bi-monthly by Four Star Publications Incorporated, 561 Fifth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Price per copy the Subscription \$4.00 per year of six issues. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y. Postage paid at New York, N. Y. and Canada, Ohio. Not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts and/or photographs. Advertising Representatives, The Graham Company, 11 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Printed in U.S.A.





# Let me send you this amazing- ELECTRONIC KIT!

OWN THIS ELECTRONIC KIT



\$ \$ \$ \$ \$



TRADE

## ASSURE YOURSELF OF FINANCIAL SECURITY-INDEPENDENCE

Imagine being able to fix anything electrical from the finest home electric shaver to large industrial motors! Having a training that makes you command a better job with higher wages or a business of your own. You do not need previous special schooling. Just the ability to read and be mechanically inclined. We furnish you with everything! One of the kits sent to you is our famous **ELECTRONIC KIT**, an all-purpose trouble detector which shows you where the trouble lies, training kits whose assembly will give you practical shop training of home during your spare time!

You learn practical electricity by using your hands. Best of all, these kits are yours to keep and use forever!



## REPAIR ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT!

### ILLUSTRATED COURSE SHOWS EVERYTHING

The Christy maintenance and repair course is written in simple, easy-to-understand language. Each section is profusely illustrated by photographs and drawings, and shows you what troubles to look for and then how to correct them. In addition, our course shows you how to build power tools at low cost! Also teaches you welding, metal plating, general repairing (auto, bike, bicycle and gun store repairing, etc.). Should complicated technical problems arise or the need for a special repair part, simply call on us. We offer YOU our **FREE Advisory Service for LIFE!** We teach you how to select business, get repair orders and what to charge. The Christy Course plus our home-shop training kit makes a combination that will go a long way toward **ASSURING YOUR SUCCESS.**



## 3 EASY STEPS TO SUCCESS

- ① WE SEND YOU AN ELECTRONIC KIT
- ② WE TEACH YOU ELECTRICAL HOME REPAIRING
- ③ WE GIVE YOU LIFE-TIME ADVISORY SERVICE

## RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL, Dept. A-143

3214 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Please send me your FREE home study course, including everything I need to get started in my own business. I will pay for my course when I receive it.

Name:

Age:

Address:

City:

State:





"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

# How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

**D**o you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you completely unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

If so then you're a victim of crippled English. Says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute: "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their confidence in improving their writing, and become interesting conversationalists again in their own homes.

## BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question:** What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Your English reflects your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

**Question:** What do you mean by a "command of English?"

**Answer:** A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question:** But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

**Answer:** No not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

**Question:** Is this something new?

**Answer:** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question:** Does it really work?

**Answer:** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

**Question:** Who are some of these people?

**Answer:** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, reporters and accountants, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, lawyers, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people and many others.

**Question:** How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate using the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** In most cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question:** How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** I will gladly mail a free 12-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you wish to take a free copy of the 12-page booklet, *How to Gain a Command of Good English*, fill out and mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and effectively at home. Send the coupon as a gift and enjoy. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

**DON BOLANDER**, Career Institute Dept. E-1342, 31 East Adams Chicago 3, Ill.

Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

FICTION

BY TED HARRIS

# The Passionate ↓ Name ↓ dropper





If he'd pegged her right, she wasn't hip nor heat, she was just a sweet kid from the Middle West . . .

**W**ALLACE WAS about as unlikably-looking a character to be plunged into the Greenwich Village waters as you could find. In a world of loudly opinionated oddballs, his lack of any strong mark had stood out. Yet he took to the Village "life" like a porcupine taken to a pasture and the oddball took to Wallace the way anything that'll mouth takes to a receptive ear. They treated him with great impatience and condescension, but they liked him. And they respected him as a painter although he'd had no success to speak of and lacked most of the attributes expected of a Village painter—after-burn like deep addiction, alcoholism, homosexuality, or sex obsessions.

Physically, Wallace wasn't too impressive either. He stood just a bit over five feet and weighed 165 when he was eating regularly — which wasn't too often. His face was pleasantly homely and he'd long ago resigned himself to being kidded about his awfully large nose. He'd also resigned himself to the fact that women didn't find him especially

attractive and comforted himself with the third-rate girls who came his way. That's why he was so surprised when this really successful chick made a pitch for him that night at Pease's.

It was no different from any other night at the girls-meeting, wine-dispensing hangout for artists and writers. It was crowded and loud with egotism — as though shouting alone made two speakers into four. To Wallace's left at the bar two unpublished writers were quoting Camus at each other in an effort to prove a point about non-existence — one insisting it was the aim of life, the other proclaiming it as life's condition.

To her right, a borrowed passer was holding forth to a group of eager champions as the teenagers revolved from the preoccupied breakdown at the quality of life. Wallace listened to the painter without actually becoming a part of the group. He suspected this was because he had not let success change his life. He still came to Pease's

every night—just as he had when he was unknown. Only more others came to Pease's just to see him and to hear him talk. There was no doubt that he was worth listening to and so Wallace listened. But the girl's gaze in his ear broke into his attentiveness and then captured it completely.

"Kiss me," she said softly and smiled at him. She was trying to wedge up to the bar between Wallace and the waiter.

"Quite all right," Wallace said politely, turning his back to the painter and edging backwards to make room. His eyes took her in shyly, but appreciatively. She was really something. Honey-gold hair and that fresh, just-out-of-school-from-the-Mid-West look about her that most girls lose after about six months in the Village. She was a simple sweater and skirt—small-town, not back-alley—which hugged her curves demurely, but concealed them not at all. Her eyes were big and blue and betrayed her fascination with the beautiful girl. (Continued on page 66)





# TOTEM AND TABOO

That's what part Brenda Bayn's  
dreams are made of — and when  
a dream dreams, it's dreamy!

WHEN SIGMUND FREUD'S works on dream interpretation exploded on the world some fiftyodd years ago, people found them difficult to reconcile with the more scholarly and temperate work he'd done in the field of anthropology and reported in "Totem and Taboo." Now, they wondered, could the distance from the possible world to the dream-world be spanned? Well, Freud had his explanation—some of which are still not accepted—but the jump is more potterquely demonstrated by Brenda Bayn, a lass whose dreams are filled with totems and other symbols, but are not necessarily taboo. This night, for instance, Brenda had no choice but to pillow her chin on her own never-never land of totem poles and jungle foliage. And isn't it fortunate that ALE sent a photographer along? Well, isn't it? ■





# John Bull's War on

Hollywood trembles at the idea, but Brits are making millions poking fun at the "untouchables"

**I**N HOLLYWOOD, a sacred cow is nothing is harder about. It's to be treated tenderly and with respect. Movie heroes praise and defend it. Anyone who attacks it is a villain, and every film-goer knows what happens to them in the final reel.

Not that Hollywood doesn't produce satires. U.S. producers have turned out some very fine ones indeed. But with rare exceptions, the subjects are innocuous ones such as newspaper reporters, married men, the servants, women-changing men, or hotel bellboys. On the few occasions they try a satire, the subject is bound to be a safe one like the son

of the tenor which was kidded in "Some Like It Hot."

Important matters such as politics, patriotism, big business, big labor unions, religion, crime and the like do not have fun poked at them. They are the sacred cows and no fit subject for comedy.

Or are they? Perhaps not for American producers, but overseas in England, film-makers have poked fun at these subjects and many others that come under the heading of sacred cows in Hollywood.

An interesting fact about these pictures is that they've proved Hollywood's greatest attacks to be

unnecessary. Few people have taken offense at them. Many have not only received critical acris, but have been box-office hits as well. In fact, their combined success has been so great that they have introduced a whole galaxy of British stars who specialize in satire to the American movie fan. Names like Alec Guinness, Terry Thomas, Peter Sellers, Alanis Burt, George Cole, Joyce Grenfell—to mention just a few—are becoming more and more well known on this side of the Atlantic.

The first of these movies to score a big hit on the United States was the Alec Guinness starer, "Kind



# Sacred Cows

BY DON DODSON

*Hearts and Coronet*" released ten years ago in 1950, the picture followed the rise of a whole bunch of sacred cows including the British passport, multiple murder and the national tradition of the captain's going down with his ship. The story had Guinness playing eleven different roles, both male and female. They were all members of the same family who stood between co-star Dennis Price and his dream of a title. The major part of the film had Price killing Guinness in each one of his roles.

The success of "Wild Hearts" was responsible for a whole crop of other pictures with Guinness as star. "The Lavender Hill Mob" was a heist about a mild mannered man who manages to rob the Bank of

England. "The Promoter" featured Guinness as a young conman who perverted a lack of scruples into a highly respected position. In this film Valerie Hobson portrayed a goldfinger whose rise to respectability parallels Guinness'. "The Captain's Parrot" was about a captain on the Mediterranean Sea who had two wives in two different ports. One is quiet and respectable, the other, played in the film by Yvonne DeCarlo, is wild and abandoned. Towards the end the deception is found out and the lieutenant is ordered to face a firing squad. In the unforgettable last scene, however, Guinness bribes his executioners to shoot their commanding officer instead. He makes his escape—presumably to live the life of an un-

reconstructed bigman in some other land.

One of the most famous of the Guinness movies was "The Man In The White Suit," a movie that manages to hit such sacred cows as science, labor and top management. The plot involved a man who invents a suit that is stain-proof and stain-proof. It is, in fact, the perfect suit—except that nobody wants it. Industry needs suits that wear out in order to sell more. Labor feels the same way about it. Soberly, the film points out, needs imperfection. In spite of all the statements to the contrary, anyone who produces too good a product is bound to get it in the neck.

In later years, Guinness has turned away. (Continued on next page)

## JOHN BULL'S WAR ON SACRED COWS continued

from the sort of satire that brought him so much fame. But a host of comments have been carved in English films that are every bit as important as the early Gainsborough ones. The movie carved an invitation to the more delight than film seems to take in deflating them.

Medical science, for example, has taken down quite a few notches by the "Doctor" series starring Dirk Bogarde. In the first of these, "Doctor In The House," the hero is a medical student who passes out the first time he reaches an operation. The next, "Doctor At Sea," picks up Bogarde after his graduation and follows him through on his first job—that of a doctor on an ocean liner. Here, he gets involved with a passionate French girl played by Brigitte Bardot and has to look after the health of his shipper's daughter. The last of the series, "Doctor At Large," goes away generally in the theme of young medical men. All told, they are the kind of film which doctors' groups in this country would do their best to see never get out of the talking stage. These groups would much rather serve Dr. Kidney.

Another English film series, one which is still going strong, is about a private school for girls called St. Trinians. In "The Belles Of St. Trinians," Alastair Sims stars as the head mistress with Jeremy in her hair—and, dressed as a woman, Sim is a sight to behold. George Cole is Sim's assistant "Punch" Harry, and Joyce Greenall is a policeman who tries to cope with the students when they dynamite a wife to steal an enemy in "How Wonderful At St. Trinians," Sim is in jail and "Punch" Harry takes his most glorious charge on a European good-will tour with the prime purpose of marrying them off—for profit, naturally. The climax is a water-polo match in Italy where the British glamour-girls manage to drain the refinancing pool and leave their formerly Italian rivals not dead in their form-fitting swim-suits.

The latest in this series, "Pete Kelly At St. Trinians," picks fun at such unlikely objects as fire-bugs and whale ivory! After setting fire to their own school, the girls are taken on a luxury tour of Greece. At least that is what they think—the trip is actually to sell the cream cheese to an Eastern Bloc as wages for his crew. The picture ends in complete chaos with the girls, who are giving a good account of themselves in a hand to hand battle with the Broux crew, reinforced by the lower gradates who have "borrowed" some army tanks for the occasion.

Such strong satirizing in military and political matters, the stormy beach and the British Navy come in for their share of roasting in "The Menace That Menaced." The film is released by Columbia, and even before the title flashes on the screen the film's theme is stated by having the lady who is in the film company's male suits chased off her pedestal by a small mouse. The plot has the Ducky of Grand Fenwick, smallest nation in the world, declare war on the United States. They intend to lose the war so that they will qualify for American aid. The scheme fails, however, when Peter Sellers who leads the army of twenty midgets happens inadvertently capture the "G" bomb which could destroy a whole continent. Thus Grand Fenwick wins the war and its hope of U.S. aid is shattered. The whole treatment attitude of the movie can be summed up in a brief scene about the ship Queen Elizabeth whose master and first mate are discussing the "G" bomb. After hearing a description of its total horrors, the captain says: "Never replace the British Navy, though."

Another Peter Sellers film, which does not let up until it hits every facet of modern life from gambling to international corruption in "I'm All Right Jack." In this one, Sellers is a sweet-natured, honest schmuck from an impoverished branch of the British aristocracy. On his discharge from the army, he first tries to join

his father in a racket colony and then decides to make his way in industry. Industry has little use for him, however, even though he has some interesting suggestions for it. When he leaves that a set of spoons goes away with a laundry soap, for example, such more than the soap does, he suggests selling the spoons and giving away the soap.

The major portion of "I'm All Right Jack" concerns management and organized labor. The union men are interested only in pushing off and are ready to call a strike at a work stoppage whenever their right to job-tenure is threatened. To balance things out, management is interested in getting back whenever and forces a strike in order to make a back-slash agreement with the representative of a middle-East nation. Sellers, the only honest man in the film, naturally gets the short end of the stick and winds up back in the racket colony with his father.

Still another picture that satirizes human ethics in "The Battle Of The Sexes," based on a story by the American satirist, James Thurber. Sellers, who may well be the most talented of the new British stars, is also featured in this one. In it, he plays a long term employee of a company that is suddenly threatened by a female efficiency expert. An efficient type himself, Sellers decides to "rub her out, as one does a bookkeeping error." In spite of a very British plan, however, the murder does not come off and he is forced to subjugate the female employee's job. But he does with an ingeniously underhanded plot. At the end of the film, however, we wonder if he really won the war, after all. For the efficiency expert is dissolved in tears and Sellers is buying her flowers.

If human ethics are attacked in "The Battle Of The Sexes," modern ethics of every type are laid out in "School For Scoundrels" which stars Terry Thomas, Ian Carmichael and the long-time English favorite, Alastair Sims. (Continued on p. 42)



"I guess I'm just a big kid at heart. I like to leave the best for last."



FICTION



# Oliver's Trysts

BY AL SPOON, and JIM LONNEN

His plots were strictly off-Broadway and his actresses left nothing to his desires!

**NOW AND THEN** whenever Sam and I make a few half-hearted passes at each other I find myself asking someone like Oliver Toller: were we used to write our love scenes from their mouths have been known to stop what they were doing and give their full attention to the screen where one of Oliver's remembered interludes was flashed on it.

Believe us a bit—last of a rolling table person on a trapezoid. These were only a few of Oliver's vital contributions to the screen. He's probably never forgiven Ernst Haeckelway for being the first to come up with that kinky pinky in a sleeping bag.

Only a handful of budding Marklands and I ever appreciated Oliver's true genius in keeping to life the love scenes he'd first committed to paper. I first met him four years ago when I was working on the writing staff of a TV comedy show—remember them? Oliver wrote the commercials for a line of beauty aids that consisted of everything from cyclone insoles to space-age lipstick for Ultrazex. The copy routinely proclaimed that if these beauty preparations didn't help you, your only solution was plastic surgery—or masturbation.

Even in those days the pop-eyed under-used over-stimulated Oliver—blazed with an inner fire, but un-

fortunately his icy counter-eyebrows and knee-bending only got his face stopped by the one-eyed girl, and a few teeth loosened by the director's secretary.

One day, shortly after Oliver had followed one of the maid room girls on a whiskey-fueled jaunt into the office supply closet, the secretary that recalled carried half the staff to task for an act of sloth. I guess I forgot to mention that Oliver has a high-pitched voice.

He also had the raw materials, but they were still awfully raw. What'd have figured then that eventually the Harbinger Kid—as our director dubbed him—would wind up with a technique that would have made Camryn into his own sister up to the elbows.

Eventually our TV program folded after 30 weeks when our network—now decided to stop laying eggs on the shore so lame and have a baby instead. It was just as well. As the joke goes, we saved Madison five people.

Anyway, with the other TV comedy shows backed up as solidly as a nightmarish tour of linguistic hard-on dressing rooms I went back to grinding out comedy routines for struggling young comics and strange comedians who figured that by adding a couple of special members to their act they could boost themselves into the same salary bracket as TV re-

gimes or crooked disk jockeys.

Meanwhile, Oliver continued to grind out eggs for the same old network, but now something new had been added to his social life. Every now and then I'd run into him in some out-of-the-way spot with a different young chick who was clinging to his arm and looking down at him as though she were the president of his fan club. Young as they all were these dolls were beautiful and tough. It may have been baby fat but damn knock it! Unfortunately, Oliver always managed to disappear with his current and friend before I could approach him. The whole thing was a mystery that I'd would have given his eye teeth to write. In short what was the secret of Oliver's sudden success with women?

Believe it or not, another couple of years passed before all was revealed to me. It was during the second week of his summer vacation that I ran into Oliver—alone for a change—in a Long Island hotel. I was there in response to an SOS from a comic who had taken the date for short dough in order to break on some new material I had written for him. Now the comedian was panicking because the production wasn't giving rocks.

A combination of sheer, battery perseverance—and the fact that I looked (Continued on next page)



## OLIVER'S TRYSTS continued

up Oliver's double bar tab—scrubbed an invitation to his Greenwich Village apartment at 4:30 the next day.

Upon arriving at his padlock promptly at post time I was amazed to discover he had fixed it up to resemble the office of a well-heeled producer. What probably had once been the living room was now converted into a large anteroom with leather dreses.

On the walls were autographed pictures of various stage stars, which Oliver had no doubt picked up in back number shops that stock such glitzy reprints. Scattered on each picture were fervent thanks for the great parts he had written for them. A close inspection revealed only two styles of handwriting, but at least it proved that Oliver was industrious.

At the rear of the outer office a girl with a beauteous face and horn-rimmed glasses was typing peacefully away. I later found out that to further promote a business-like facade, Oliver would hire a girl during his two-week vacation every year. Girls like these were available in large quantities from outfits that specialize in finding temporary and part-time jobs for starving actors and actresses.

Sitting on the dreses were two worried-looking dolls who were the type you'd probably see at a center call for "Joie of Aie." From the way they tightened their lips and edged away from each other, it was clear they were competing for the same role. The whole thing was very mystifying.

Suddenly the door behind the used typist burst open and Oliver came barging out, looking redder than an ember in a blood bank. Except for looking slightly disheveled, the girl with him was a duplicate in general appearance of the other two.

In his office—a converted bedroom—where the door closed behind us and the Kinscaparties Kim Kinclays still waiting, I used the rumpled studio couch in the connecting room,

an unconverted bedroom obviously doubling as Oliver's rehearsal studio.

"Correct me if I'm wrong," I said, as Oliver eagerly wiped a smudge of lipstick from the corner of his mouth, "but isn't the cracked head the time for drinking?"

It was plain from Oliver's air of suppressed excitement that he had been keeping his wonderful secret bottled up for so long, he was now ready to throw all caution to the winds.

"A little respect, please," he pined, "for a man who has come up with the greatest gambick since champagne hops for charity better. It takes perspiration, but hey, does it pay off?"

He exhibited a few bound plays on a shelf, each one bearing his name as either Thru, next to the tape recorder on his desk—which I subsequently discovered he used to tape his applicants' preliminary trial readings—he picked up another bound play which bore the title

### "THE WAYWARD HOUR"

by

Oliver Tellner

"Now this," I admitted as I idly rifled through the pages of the script. "It must be fun just getting those pseudo starlets to pronounce that last word. But you're not gonna tell me you've been writing plays just to be your own audience and if Shakespeare had done that he wouldn't have tried to be funny—would he?"

Oliver tried to smile magnificently, but as he it came out like a snarl. "If Shakespeare had rehearsed his 'leading ladies' as often as me," he boggled, "he wouldn't even have had time to trim his beard."

I settled back in the chair behind his desk and lit a cigarette. "Okay," I said, "who are you kidding?" Just remember one thing: you're talking to a man who spent his boyhood playing "Track or Treat" in every quarter house in New Orleans." My motto is if you're gonna be, think big!

Oliver waited only long enough to fling himself into an armchair, stretch, take and light a cigar that was bigger than him—then he was off to the moon. Finally, it wasn't the head of a tale that would gain him an appearance on "This Is Your Life."

Finally, Oliver's story was this: the lass he handed his lovely victims—who were culled from a different batch of paper, signing young actresses every night—was that he had written a new play for an off-Broadway production. It was to be backed—on Oliver told them—by a mythical producer friend of his who had already raised most of the money. This friend was telling Oliver handle the casting, subject to the friend's final approval. (Oliver knew his system was half-groff nonsense as checking up on off-Broadway prospects is virtually impossible.)

Because he never dealt with the regular casting agencies, and especially never by telephone, that he was only looking for fresh young talent, it was no problem to weed out the applicants until he was left with two or three lovely, naive, unattached and fairly solvent prospects. For the next two or three months he dated them, rehearsed them, and took five hundred dollars from them in return for guaranteeing them the lead.

When they began to get nervous, or their bedside manners started to bore him, he simply tossed them off by telling each one that his hypothetical producer friend had dropped out with the backdoor dough, excluding him, and there was no chance of raising any more. Sorry, but that's the way the muscle cranks bin.

"What a shame," I muttered, "and by that time I'll bet they were inamoratas in the low mean, thanks to your diligent and constant rehearsing."

"Now you're with it, Dad," Oliver said, then bowed himself out of the door. "What reminds me: It's time for my. (Continued on page 82)



 JANUARY

Lift the mask! The New Year's here,  
Filled with January's cheer,  
Sparked by Karin Olson's lure,  
Filled with girls, you may be sure!

ACE 1961 BEAUTY CALENDAR



## 60 FEBRUARY

A fellow needs a sleepily lass  
To make cold February pass.  
Bernice Rascoe shapes up fine  
For any fellow's Valentine.



## APRIL

This tub's the place for April showers,  
For beauty, charm and April flowers.  
What better place to display roses?  
Or (the Marnell's) luscious poses?

## MARCH

When March winds blow through window panes,  
A warmth may still be found in dreams  
Of Jill O'Sullivan, just the Jill  
To thaw out March's windy chill.



## MAY

One sunny day in the month of May  
Dorothy Beady Regals came our way.  
She's sometimes happy and sometimes sad,  
But she always makes the luncheon glad.





# JUNE

Anne Adams heralds June.  
With the month she's right in tune.  
Just the girl for sex and sun  
And all kinds of summer fun.

# JULY

For July, to greet the heat,  
Here's a sizzling summer treat.  
Sally Stanton is her name.  
Making eyes pop is her game.



# AUGUST

In August even flock to the bunches  
To fill their eyes with gorgeous peaches.  
Like Barbara Thorne, just the sight  
To make their dreams a night's delight.



OCTOBER

October ends with Halloween,  
The night when witches make the scene,  
The night when men both poor and rich  
Virginia Gordon will bewitch.

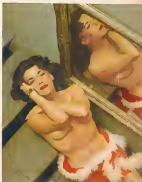


SEPTEMBER

Summer's end! Don't be forlorn,  
Also joy September morn  
Brings when Helen Wood's along  
Greeting Autumn with a song.



Xmas time, December's here,  
 Time of carols, food and cheer.  
 One more reason to rejoice—  
 Betty Davis, Santa's choice!



NOVEMBER



November ushers in the cold  
 Of Harvest time and fancies bold,  
 Of girls the scarecrows cannot scare,  
 Like Betty Davis, so sweet, so fair.



# "GO POWDER

Presenting a hilarious history of the development of the most

BY JAY MARTIN

THREE CONVERSATIONS, the other night, had moved into the field of great inventions and we were playing the game of picking the one which has done most for mankind. Somebody mentioned the harnessing of fire, one of the girls replied with the lever and another one mentioned the wheel.

Suddenly a girl accused herself. To powder her nose, she said. "That's it!" her date shouted with a grin.

"What's it?"

"Where Marge is going... I mean what she is going to use. Can anyone think of a more useful invention?"

We had to admit we were stumped.

"All right then," he said, triumphantly. "The most useful invention is the one nobody talks about—at least not in mixed company!"

True, again. But not from lack of invention. There are probably more terms for it than for any other device, and if anyone has the urge, he can talk on the subject for hours without repeating himself. When you leave the room, in fact, you have the choice of going to the party, the job, the laundry, the bathroom, the chamber, the closet, the rest room—just to name a few. If you're the rational type, you can go to the head or the rearhouse. If you like to share off your sophistication, you might want to use the subversive d'neuse. And if you should feel especially cov, you can visit the little boy's room.

But even the euphemisms are not to be bandied about indiscriminately. One of the most infamous, W. C., was responsible for comedian Jack Paar taking his much publicized vacation from that evening T.V. show.

No matter what you like to call it—if you like to call it anything at all, that is—the argument has been around a long, long time. Some of the earliest flushable machines were those developed by the ancient Chinese, an industrious race which was going strong 4,800 or so years ago and who also gave the world its first ball fight.

So far as anyone can tell, now, the most gorgeous rest-room in all of China was that located in the palace suite of the Queen.





# YOUR NOSE!"

important invention in the evolution of mankind: the "jake!"

Now, in Costa, apparently, the queen was definitely top brass. And this brings us to a sociological law which, I believe, has been overlooked as far by social scientists. You can tell what the real colors of a country are by the style of their personal accommodations.

This law, which I am modestly willing to have named after me, could open up a whole new field of scholarly research. Of course it will take a little ingenuity on the part of the investigators—especially in regards to current affairs. Perhaps a researcher could pass himself off as a plumber in order to learn the hidden identity of the real political boss of a city, for example.

Certainly the most fabulous accommodations in history were built for absolute monarchs. Louis XIV of France, who was called the incarnation of the Sun god and lived his life like he believed it, had over 100 conveniences placed in the palace at Versailles. His great grandson, Louis XV, had a bathroom masterpiece carved in an Oriental style. It was done in black lacquer with metal mother-of-pearl borders surrounding a Japanese landscape scene covered of gold and inlaid silver. The interior was a strong shade of red, the fittings were of bronze and the seat was padded with a green, velvet-like fabric.

With such luxurious accommodations, it's no wonder that the commode was used for royal occasions as well as for its more functional purposes. Ambassadors, ministers of state, courtiers and the like might well hold an audience with the king when he was seated on a "throne" of a far different variety than the one you normally think of him upon. Now did this hold true only for the male members of the French nobility? The famous Du Barry and Marie Antoinette often passed the time of day with their intimate-varying while carrying out duties that would seem personal, to say the least.

But this type of "throne," for some odd reason, has always been a friendly, smiling sort of place, as my old Army or Navy man will recall. And it's an interesting fact that with all the murders that history records as taking place in the bedrums from Agamemnon on down, I can't think of a single one that took place while the subject was busy doing what comes naturally. And... Continued p. 44





# WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE

Tissue paper may do for some items and ribbons and bows may enhance others, but when it comes to packaging charms like *Clare Barrie's*, transparency's a must. She's a girl who must be seen!

**P**ACKAGING, according to Madison Avenue pundits, is the key to successful merchandising. Put the product in an attractive package, they claim, and the sales will soar. As a result of this thinking, the science of packaging has gone through various phases which include the glass-paper kind of wrappings, the frilly ribbon appeal to buyers, the bold stripe-decoration, the polka-dotty sales pitch and many others. The latest trend being followed by the business is actually a retreating of their steps to the cellophane era which was at its height during the 1930s. Today packagers have rediscovered the value of cellophane and have once again come to appreciate the stimulating impact in having a product be seen through transparent wrapping. The idea basically is to let the product sell itself. To demonstrate the theory, here's famous *Clare Barrie's*, all wrapped up in cellophane. Now, if all men were as attractive as *Clare*, you can bet your copywriter's clerk that nobody would ever wrap them in anything but transparent packages. Where *Clare's* concerned, to be seen is to be appreciated. *See?*





FICTION

BY GARRICK GILLERS



# Death Walks With a Wiggle

Charlie was the kind

of man who lived with his

gun at the ready. But he

was also a man who had

an eye for beauty. And

that was his fatal error!

WORD WAS OUT, and the job had an uneasy feel. Charlie didn't like that, he preferred things neat.

He adjusted his tie, careful not to touch the collar. Some jobs just fell that way, and had to be finished up there. Leaving loose ends gave the trade a bad name, and could be fatal.

For Charlie was a killer.

He didn't care for the word, for its connotations of wild and savage assault. Charlie didn't work that way. He cleaned himself with weapons, trained, safe—even artistic. Both removed risk and increased profits. For a price.

In a corner booth, Charlie sipped sherry with his left hand. The right thumb hooked casually over the first button of his suit. He looked at faces—feverish phantasms—askew with slack-mouthed women. Only two counted, wary and pallid from living in the same jungle.

The eyes of these two men ranged the room, restless, anticipating. They teased Charlie once and ignored him. He smiled, proud of his ability to be ignored. Cosentino's men were searching for a hard gun, and making the mistake all kinds made—confining him to one of themselves.

Patiently, Charlie tested his sherry. Muscle wasn't needed in this business; neither was heavy, noisy weapons. A .22 bullet placed accurately in a vital spot was much better, and just as effective.

The weapon hung now along his left side, its slenderness buried snug in his ribs, the grip undulating. Charlie could put a bullet into a half dollar at thirty paces with this gun. When he found the man, Cosentino, who fitted the memorized photo, he'd put one into the right eye. A machineless pop! and the clients would pay off for the lot. Neat and tidy.

Charlie ran over the list of places where Cosentino might be found: here at the Club Paradise, the big house in the suburbs; two. Cost: p. 46



# LET'S PRETEND



Here Russell strikes the pose that brought so much fame to Jane Russell. Discovered by Howard Hughes, Jane went on to stardom.

**A** LONG THE HIGHWAY of glamor, cartoon poses stand out as markers of success like beacon lights to guide the ambitious beauty. There are the poses which have made today's glamour girls famous. They are the poses which first made the public focus on them and seek approval. Among them are the famous publicity shot of a new actress named Jane Russell posing in a haystack as part of the promotion campaign for the much-banned film, "The Outlaw," the scandalous, much discussed calendar pose of Marilyn Monroe, the thrilling full-draped photo of Broadway newsleader Joyce Manfield which attracted the eye of Hollywood talent scouts, and the much reproduced picture of starlet Vicki Douglas attending a party in a show-buckle dress which was responsible for launching her on a Hollywood career. To the girl in quest of a career, these poses and others like them symbolize success. Carole Davis is such a girl and her devoted daydreams find her poring over herself in such poses and projecting from them to a fabulous future. Here, she was given the opportunity to assume the poses far real and it's our bet that if these talent scouts have their eyes open, Carole's future may be just over the horizon. ♦

An evening gown similar to the one brought nationwide attention to starlet Vicki Douglas when she was snapped in it at a Hollywood party.



Certain specific poses have spelled  
success with a capital S to  
glamor queens. To the girl who wants  
to follow in their footsteps,  
striking such poses is a way of  
pretending that success is  
just around the corner. Carole  
Dore is such a girl, but her  
pretenses might well become reality!



Famous Marilyn Monroe calendar pose is a favorite of Carole's. In Monroe is one of her idols and she'd like to copy her sometimes.

As for dad, once in a Broadway play, Wayne Morrisfield becomes a star. So too, we believe, will Carole



# HECKLING THE HECKLERS



**E**VER SINCE the first Roman spectacle yelled "Go, team, go!" the gladiators of the entertainment industry have been coming up against hecklers and as a result have been keeping busy devising ways to keep from being thrown to the lions. Among today's rotary comics in particular, hecklers are a constant nuisance. Therefore the best among the comedians have developed squelch-lines like the following:

In the wee hours of the morning, a heckler was constantly interrupting Joe E. Lewis when Lewis squelched him with:

"You must excuse him, ladies and gentlemen, he just had his head cleaned and blocked."

An angered dramatist button-holed a critic in Sardi's restaurant and fulminated, "How could you sleep through the performance of my play?" With an air of urbane sophistication, the critic philosophized, "Young man, sleep is an opinion."

Morcy Amsterdam's ad libs are legendary. He once expressed his displeasure with a band's accompaniment by suggesting to his audience, "I think we should all stand up and give that orchestra a round of ammunition." On another occasion he told a bore, "Why don't you go out and play in traffic?"



There was another time when Joe E. Lewis found himself facing a ringster falling asleep on his set at three in the morning. He turned the moment into an explosion of cheers when he retorted:

"I don't mind your falling asleep, but at least say goodnight!"



Oscar Levant once told off a woman who was beginning to bore him: "You are the best argument in favor of homosexuality I ever heard of."



Jean Carroll let a lady lush have it with:  
 "There's a girl you would like to take home to  
 mother—her mother!"

Jack E. Leonard sent his audience into stitches  
 when he annihilated an intruder with: "You've  
 got a brain, but it hasn't reached your head!"



How leave out that incomparable wit, Milton  
 Berle, who dropped this one into the audience:  
 "There are two things that bum—a snake and  
 a fool. . . Come forward and be identified."



Berle once was considerably piqued by one of  
 those nuisances who let out a catcall, "I'll hold  
 my breath for a minute if it will make you  
 happy." The master quipped his opponent into  
 submission with: "Why not hold your breath  
 for ten minutes and make everybody happy?"



Martha Raye is no mean clench at turning an  
 awkward situation into victory. One night she  
 told a listless, unappreciative audience at the  
 Five O'Clock Club, "If I'd known you were  
 going to be so quiet, I'd have invited you up to  
 my room."



Comics are not always at war with dyed-in-  
 the-wool hecklers. Sometimes they come face  
 to face with their own kind, as witness what  
 happened one night when Frank Fay scowled  
 at the Caps. At a ringule table sat Milton Berle  
 with a grin from here to Hollywood. He sur-  
 prised Fay with: "This is really going to be a  
 battle of wits."

Frank Fay took careful aim and with flawless  
 timing sent his audience into a paroxysm of  
 laughter with:

"I want you to know it's against my principles  
 to fight an unarmed man."



# Stacking a Deck With Queens

There's lots of exciting action in

the cards for glamour fans when business

Sabine Demais curls up her skirts!

**W**HETHER "hot and hot 'em" is the phrase they use to get the poker game off the ground in Las Vegas, "cute up" is the more formal and practical phrase most apt to start a GI stud game. And "hot and hot" is the phrase, ten-fifty-pairs phrase, also favored by professional gamblers to start the passionate evening. All three phrases are typically American and so is the action which follows them. One can imagine what such action might mean into if a player is an American. poker game come up with nine queens. To call it murder would be mild. But in France they do things differently. First of all, girls have registered cards in French-style poker. Secondly, the game is most likely to be cut off by an appreciative "Voilà!" when the dealer gets a load of the loaded deck. And a loaded. Continued on p. 36



The cords spell out success for French model Solange. This beauty is currently the top pick for Parisian gentlemen.





Slated to come to the U. S. soon, bikini is anxious to be screen-tested for H'wood movies. Two companies have offered such tests.



Born in Normandy just 34 years ago, the French lovely came to Paris in 1939 and gained immediate acceptance as a glamor model. She's so well known she's asked for costumes by



deck it is—loaded with questions, that is. Thirdly, just because it's loaded with questions a hand containing nine queens would not be eager for giving the dealer with responses. As a matter of fact, when the nine queens all happen to be Helene Demme, the dealer might well become a candidate for the Oscar de la Guerra—the strictly humanitarian version, of course. Cover girl Helene is ACE's Gallic candidate for all-time queen of hearts for reasons which should be apparent to any French glamor-card player. But for those of you who are new to the game, let us elaborate. She's the hottest downing card among the French glamor fete, always attracting the eye of the ball house, she's made the photographers who snap her flesh with profits on her pictures; and she's stacked with the kind of straight (about every) ace appeal that makes everybody call for more cards. Also, since she's planning on coming to the U. S. soon, this kind of Gallic glamor poker may become available in an Americanized version. If it does, remember, this queen is ACE-high! ♦



Andragas to serve out a permanent contract for herself, Sabina is studying dramatics, dancing and singing. Good looks, a clear soprano voice and natural sense of rhythm make her a star student

Loaded as she is with allure and charm, a case list is that Sabina's clock is ticked for a future filled with fame and fortune



BY RALPH BLAIR

# ROMANCE ON A SHOESTRING

Executing a low-budget program for would-be Romances also gives advice on the most inexpensive ways to feed, house and soothe the heart of that willing woman



"MY WIFE," announced the party in stark halcyon placidity. "Doesn't care how many girls I sleep up with, but if she ever found out I spent money on them, she'd murder me!"

On the lower financial levels, and among the lower echelons, the story is substantially the same. The five thousand dollar a year clerk who goes to jail because he dipped into the till to decorate some doll with ruck and diamonds is as familiar to readers of the tabloids as the suburban triangle. The problem of how to have a girl without, so to speak, paying for her, is something that has absorbed an amazing number of tortured men hour thoughts.

"The cheapest way to have a doll—literally and figuratively," advises one self-styled expert, "is to tell the girl you love her. Strands are so dumb that they'll do almost anything for a guy who swears he loves them."

On the whole, this is sage advice, but we feel it only fair to point out the pitfalls:

1 The girl might believe it.

2 You might over, in time, come to believe it yourself.

3 This leads to marriage, which has little or nothing to do with love. In the interim, therefore, of the self-deceiving male who is honest enough to admit he doesn't want to pay for what he gets, we have done a considerable amount of research

on the subject, and have worked out what might be called a "Cheap Schedule for Cheapsters."

During: The cheapster (and these days who can afford not to be one?) starts out with one idea in mind: Before the night is out, he hopes to score with the girl. Minor girls, conversely, start out with a different thought. Before the night is out, they hope to divert the male of as much money as possible and give as little as possible in return.

To keep doing things, the man

should make it clear from the beginning that he's operating on a budget. If he's married, his best approach is the simple and direct one: "Darling, I'd like to take you to some terrific place, but you know my wife—that second-we know every penny I spend, and if I can't account for my whole paycheck, I'm in the doghouse. So suppose we pick up some groceries and go to your place?"

If you've been careful of your selection of a girl in the first place, you should be rewarded by having her say, "Don't you bother about that, honey. I'll get us a steak and fix a salad and you just bring a bottle of wine."

The reason this approach might work is because, fortunately, females are quite dense in the common department, and they seldom figure that the married man on someone's list is merely the predatory male bent on getting something for nothing.

If the girl lives at home, is recommended by a husband, or harbored by curious roommates with a male habit of returning to the apartment sooner than expected, the penniless young man on the prowl is immediately faced with another problem: "Where to go and how much will it cost me?" is a question which will occupy his thinking from the moment he asks for the date until the moment she parts "you."

Currently. (Cont. on next page)



## ROMANCE ON A SHOESTRING

a movie called "The Apartment" depicts the rise of a young man who found that his apartment could serve as a temporary love nest for Bette. It was so much in demand by his bosses that for each night of sex, he received a raise. If you have a bachelor friend with an apartment, a bottle of liquor might do the trick. The availability of an apartment also gives you the trouble of convincing the girl's reluctance to go to a hotel.

Most girls somehow don't feel they're really doing anything wicked if the background is the quiet, pleasant apartment of a friend. But when approached on the subject of going to a hotel, they're likely to close themselves up with a show of dignity and savings and say, "Why, I've never gone to a hotel with a man in my life."

We might as well warn you right here that it will do no good for you to smile, or smirk, or remain her that just last week Joe Blow, down at Accounting, used to be had the greatest evening of his life with her at a local bachelorette. The thing to do is to say gently (tremble, anxiety and gentleness are worth their weight in gold on these occasions), "Darling, I know you're not that kind of a girl, and I feel like a heel even to suggest such a thing to you. But I just want to be alone with you somewhere—somewhere where we can talk, be together—" If you're convincing enough, eventually she'll agree—providing she's at all willing to be the first place.

The idea of a hotel room having been spread upon, the cheapest solution to the "Where to go?" problem is a motel. This, however, involves the possession of a car. Without a car, a night's lodging in a small, unpretentious, highway hotel can usually be had inexpensively. Also, it will save money to suggest to the girl, "I don't want to risk having anyone see us together, so why don't you eat first?"

In Hollywood, for instance, where most young stars are usually between engagements, the standard operating procedure is to call the

girl and say, "Oh, honey, have you had dinner yet?"

The girl replies eagerly, "Why, no, I haven't!"—and the young man says, "Then suppose you go ahead and eat, and I'll pick you up about noon."

Any variation of this formula may be used successfully on most girls. Remember that of their figure problem is also helped. "Let's stop dinner—food is so fattening and you have such a perfect figure—" conceals an alarming number of girls that you're fattening them instead of courting your person.

If you get past the objection of buying the girl a meal, your deal for the evening shouldn't be more than seven or eight dollars. The final bit of advice is that, when putting the girl over a wall, it often helps to say, "You're not the kind of girl in whom I'd give ten money—unless of course you want me to?" What girl with the deal of her lover's kiss still warm on her mouth and the desired, desired strains of "The Wedding March" beginning to echo in her heart, would allow the man to think she was the kind of forthright, sensible girl who'd say, "You're damned right I'll take ten money, you cheap jerk!"

That leads us to the second stage of the love affair. Now that the two of you have settled down to a nice, inexpensive mode of love, the man—unless he's a complete heel—begins to feel that he should bring the girl some small token of his affection. Here again, the sentimentality of most women involved in a love affair is a boon to the man.

"It's not a girl, honey, it's just a remembrance—" is one sure-fire way to solve the gift-giving problem. By implying an statement that the gift is just a cheap trinket, you give her into being overly grateful.

High on the list of gifts-that-don't cost much are things brought back from vacations—"It's not much, but I just wanted you to know I was thinking of you—" family jewelry, "It's not much but—" with a dash in your voice—"It was my mother's"

and, finally, cheap imitation jewelry. Remembrance of the engagement ring she thinks you'll someday give her. A watch shows like a cuff eye and cost about ten dollars. "Tomorrow, honey, I'll be able to give you a real diamond—" will bring tears to her eyes and hope to her heart. Years later, when she comes upon the missing remembrance in her stocking box, she'll think of you with bitterness and hatred, but by that time, it won't matter, since some other poor sucker will have married her.

Fortunately for the wayward male, breeds of promise men have been so trained so that girls can no longer be presented as much as evidence of serious intentions and a lasting heart broken. We wish to caution, however, that the Man get still operate and it not advisable to make state laws on words of love or love-making. Also, any and all evidence with girls under the legal age of consent will bring the man to jail on such changing statutory rape. So, before embarking on the final stages of a love affair, and reinforcing the cost involved, these two unpleasant little laws should be borne in mind.

The final stage of the love affair is, of course, the permanent arrangement. "I want you to be my girl," usually, though not necessarily ends the death knell for the impetuous but pleasant love affair. With exuberantly good as increase in the price of every commodity, and love is no exception.

The first thing the girl expects of such an exclusive arrangement is that the man will pay her rent. The best cut for this, "I want it, but I don't want to pay for it" made us to look shocked. He may stare at the girl unbelievably, and then say, slowly, "Well, all right, if you're sure that's what you want—only, you know what that makes you, don't you?"

This final phase is easier, we might warn, if the man has been careful to build up the, "I want to be sure you love me." (Continued on p. 22)





# Sticks Pick Slick Pix

"Sticks Pick Slick Pix" was how *Variety* saw small towns' reactions to sexy films. Now the sticks have grown up and may be seen from pictures of

Helle Wingren appearing in many Mid-West newspapers!

Winner of several local beauty contests in Southern Illinois, Helle's photo has been shown in papers as far away as Arizona.



Rise and raised in a small town herself, she believes that folks in the sticks today are just as sophisticated as city people.

Recently, after a national ad agency had her pose for a series of beer ads, Halle's face and figure were also seen by country folk on highway billboards.



She has no particular desire to go to New York or Los Angeles to further pursue her career. "I'd much rather be a big frog in a little pond," she says.



If Variety's beautiful model  
could reverse the roles  
of life, than here it is!





"Then we get back to the office and you start looking like detective paragon and Mr. Porter looks like the million."



In the all-out war against togetherness, it's not enough to merely be an individual. Aggressive action

Let everybody say,  
And say to your neighbor,  
It was a perfect day  
Until you showed your face!

THE ABOVE embodies a philosophy that is definitely not designed for the faint of heart. It is a battle cry for the would-be standard-bearer of a fast-dying mass individuality. Today's world revolves around a goofy, misleading sentiment that togetherness should be the goal of every man. Sociologists frantically prescribe get-together activities for all as a cure for the ills of society. Clinging massiveness compounds this horrendous

problem by mass-producing hit-the-writer intended to diminish the line of demarcation between the mass. Builders erect monuments of identical houses set on identical lots on identical barren streets. There are only two possibilities for the modern man. He can either go along with the trend, and be sucked into the quagmire of togetherness, or he can rebel. Rebellious, however, must be drastic. In order to escape the clasp of well-meant togetherness, he must be aggressive. No one is going to demand that the self-made rotten apple be thrown into the group barrel.

The art of being impossible must

be carefully developed, since people today are psychology-minded. Any behavior short of the absolutely intolerable is forgiven on the grounds that there is a deep, psychological reason for it. One young man, engaged to a girl he did not particularly want to marry, and too much of a coward to come right out and say so, hit upon a novel approach. After considerable thought, he decided that the attitude that would brand him most aggressively would be for him to assume the attributes of a husband. A devoted lover might forgive drunkenness, gambling, drug addiction, or just plain meanness on the grounds that





A neededy scillon that will set the strong men apart as truly obnoxious. Here's how to de-grasp yourself!

she will reform him after marriage. But not even in her wildest fantasies does she picture herself married to an ordinary husband!

The young man stopped wearing a shirt and tie in her presence, and avoided showing off his five o'clock shadow. He took her to the movies and promptly fell asleep. He escorted her to nightclubs with friends and spent the time discussing baseball scores and automobile transmissions with the men instead of dancing with her. He furnished suddenly to light cigarettes for any women within a twenty yard radius, but he handed her the book of matches when she asked for a light.

In restaurants, he argued with the waiter over the luxury tax when the bill was presented. He insisted that they walk or take a bus when a taxi would have been the most sensible form of transportation. The poor, bewildered girl, struggling to recognize some of the fading re-cesses asked him to go away with her for a weekend. He was Stein-schally delighted.

The first evening away, she chatted on the moonlit terrace with some-body's grandmother while he lost twenty dollars playing poker with some college boys in the lounge. The next day at the pool she wore her new bikini, and her only com-

ment was that her legs needed a shave. Then he went to the office alone without her, and became deeply engrossed in a conversation with a sweet young thing who was just learning to swim. That night, he sat alone at the dinner table, obviously asking to retire after a hard afternoon of horse-shoe pitching. The following morning she finally noticed from the ring when she heard him place a long-distance call to his mother to tell her to have a good hot meal ready for his arrival some fast night!

This young man obviously went to a great deal of trouble to achieve his ends by (Continued on next page)



## HOW TO BE IMPOSSIBLE

being impossible, but such maneuvering isn't always necessary. Take, for example, the anti-hippiesmen male who has been invited to the home of his former college roommate for a jolly reunion of former campus chums. All he has to do in order to be responsible is drop all previous and be his actually obnoxious self. He can start when the host tells him that they are all chapping up to buy some booze.

"Not me," he may declare pleasantly.

"Oh, you short on cash, old boy?" the host might delicately inquire.

"Not at all. Just happen to prefer my own brand I brought my own." And he then produces a quart of his favorite imported Scotch, which he clutches successfully to his bosom.

The object of all college reunions is for each Old Grad to prove to the others how well he has done since graduation. Our hero has no such wild intention. He is going to be a hitman, a silent "dashing Thorne" who inserts his chubbiness after the most obviously exaggerated of the Mustang statements have been made. He's equipped with a marvelous repertoire of clean, polite, which he tells only after the dirtiest eggs have been laid. He also has a good back story that he collectively knows through when the punch gets dull. When the evening is over, and he has made as many of his former "pal's" uncomfortable as possible, someone is sure to suggest another rendezvous in the near future. Our hero's request is heard.

"Why?" he says, and leaves.

Naturally it is easier for a man to be responsible with other men than with women, since women are usually weaker by the impossible variety of male. If a man is aggressive, a woman loves it because she finds it thrilling. If he is shy, she accepts the challenge of trying to draw him out. The only solution to his dilemma is for a man to be both. Supposing, on some calculated evening, a man marries a woman of a party, and he wants to be impossible. For simplicity's sake, the characters in the

drama will be called Jack and Jill. Jack. Hello, gorgeous, what's a lovely young thing like you doing hidden in a dark corner?

Jill (crossing): Just sort of watching the world go by.

Jack (dropping her by the arm): Well, come on over here in the light where I can get a good look at you? Oh! I see. . . Well, let's go back in that corner and we can talk!

Jill: I beg your pardon! I just happen to be waiting for my boyfriend. He went to get me a drink.

Jack: Yeah, huh, huh. He must be having a few to bolster his morals while he's gone.

Jill: May I compliment you, on your good manners?

Jack: Oh, my, I'm sorry, honey. Don't take me seriously. My analyst keeps telling me I've got to get rid of that automatic aggressiveness.

Jill (suddenly nervous without her eyes sparkling): Your analyst? You poor boy. Do you have problems?

Jack: Oh my I was rejected as a child. I have trouble maintaining. You know, associating with reality.

Jill: I understand. Tell me about yourself!

Jack: Some other time, sweetie. My girl is coming on the high sign so get ready to dance. Don't take up wooden racks!

And he's off to greener pastures. Of course, he could have continued on the same tack indefinitely if the girl looked better in the light!

Of all surroundings designed to put the male at advantage when it comes to being responsible, the most obvious is the office. Here a man can run headfirst through a levy of unresponsive receptionists and typists with as difficulty as if John Doe, Jr. is a typical example. He is a junior executive in a busy sales office. Since no-one knows his background, he confides to his boss' secretary that he secretly owns a major portion of the company stock. Then he proudly boasts that he is in the market for marriage. From there on in, it is his ballgame. They work late together when the office is empty, and he drops out the forbidden shaker of Martini to make

the work hour seem lighter. He takes her out to dinner later on petty cash, and drives her home. Period.

The following morning, with raised eyebrows forbidding any flimsiness, he rebuffs her again to her proper position. He has won a speech competition to sing his praises to the boss, and she is in a state of awe-struck silence concerning his conversations with the firm. He is in.

Of course, there are many opportunities to be impossible when an effort whatsoever is required. The setting is superb in a dance theater, for example. There it is advisable to arrive in the middle of a crucial scene, distract the other members of the audience by having difficulty getting settled in the proper seat, and when introduced, make ready wiggins manically. It is always best to be accompanied by a stupid, hard-of-hearing friend, who must have all the distance from the screen reported and interpreted in loud whispers. The same procedure may be followed for a stage play. During a concert, off-key humming is helpful. The trouble with being responsible in the particular field is that it is already as crowded with successful veterans that the variations are limited.

There are many professions around today who provide excellent insight into the art of being impossible. Oscar Levant, witty, four-faced musical genius, is a model worth emulating. Many are the frustrated TV viewers who deplore his freshly responsible attitude, but which has put the name Alexander Kane, artist, writer and sleep-walker is another responsible "jerk," often deplored for his extreme caution, but caused by autism.

The true secret to being responsible lies in the approach. Responsibility demands a strict adherence to the rule. Always act in a manner that will benefit the other guy. To be an individual, to be impossible, is one must attack life with a negative approach. That is, he must refuse to conform to any rules that do not directly benefit himself!

That's how to be responsible! ♦





"I suppose you two realize the penalty for litterbugging?"

SECTION

“You can be terrible without being

evil to others around. There’s a difference

between the two—a subtle difference

—and why I am **evil**



# THE MAKING OF A MAN

SOME TIME AGO I wrote *Two of Us*, in which the narrator wrote that there were two worlds in his childhood. One he recalled as a bright world consisting of his family, his close friends and the warm safety of home. Outside this world of light lay a darker world which he compared to a jungle where unknown danger lurked like a hungry beast.

I mention this passage because it struck such a strong and familiar chord with me. All through my childhood and into my teens I felt the same dichotomy of light and dark worlds. Then, one day, something caused me to question my whole concept and wonder about the people who inhabit both worlds.

There were four of us in my family. My father was an insurance broker who specialized in fire, theft and accident policies. At home, he was a figure of stern authority, ruling the family with iron justice. My mother was a short, plump, unassuming person who was most comfortable in the role assigned to her, that of carrying out her husband's wishes while keeping her children as content as possible.

My only sister was two years older than I. Physically, she took after my father. She was tall, dark-complexioned and, from the time she reached puberty, popular with boys. She would have been even more popular, doubtless, if it weren't for the close watch my parents kept on her social life. All her dates had to be inspected personally by my father. Before they passed muster, she had to come up with a full report on their name lists, their family and background. Long before she was old enough to consider marriage, my parents held long sessions with her where they minutely described the sort of man she would eventually become engaged to.

Though I was the youngest, I was allowed more freedom than my sister or, for that matter, even my mother. Where they had to account for every moment of a free afternoon, for instance, it seemed only natural that a boy would vaguely drop in at a friend's house or spend several hours playing football in the park. And when I began to go with girls, my father's questions did not have the same probing quality they took on with my sister.

It was this extra freedom that caused me to recognize the two opposing worlds. Life at home represented order and symmetry. While I respected the rules, they still symbolized a right and a wrong that were as rigid as that and added to me as the massive furniture and ornate carpeting that decorated our house.

Away from home, however, the world seemed unmade and changing. It was populated, I felt, by nervous, beastly who put on the disguise of human beings. I saw these creatures everywhere. They waited with mocking certainty to pounce on some unwary victim from the bright world, for we, with our shiny heated teeth, our neat clothes and our well-scrubbed faces, were their natural prey.

Whenever I passed through the dark world I was terrified, and yet it carried a fascination on me that haunted my dreams.

Once, while walking with my sister, we passed a gang of older boys who addressed her with their eyes and went rude, obscenities warring our way. We ran off in fear, but for months I could not get their faces out of my mind.

Another time I was leaving a movie by myself when a woman approached me with a suggestion that was actually brutal in its frankness. I felt my face burn with shame at the proposal which stymied my suppressed but aching desire.

Or again I was alone when a group of four or five girls gathered by. They stared at pointedly to themselves while they murmured me with their eyes. Though not a word passed between us, I felt as if I had been fished with whips and left unscratched and unharmed.

As I became more aware of the two worlds, I noticed a curious thing at home. My father, though so strongly entrenched in our world of light, was feared by his business to deal with the jungle creatures. He did not need to invade their world himself, however. He had a group of friends who, while basically belonging to us, could cross over to the jungle and meet the weird-men on their own terms.

One of the closest of these was a theatrical booking agent named Clyde Durant who specialized in placing musical acts. Through him my father was able to write policies on many of the big-name bands that were so popular at the time.

Durant lived on the fringes of our world, near the borders of the jungle. When he and his wife would appear at our house for dinner and a game of bridge, my father would tease him gently about the out-world people he knew. And he, laughing in self-defense, would tell tall tales of problems and dangers, exotic girls and gun-men.

Durant became my ideal. I thought of him as a secret agent, a master adventurer who could, if he wished, show me the safe paths and trails through the jungle.

He was aware that I admired him, though he didn't know the reason. Sometimes I was able to get him to talk about the people he met in his work.

"They're all right," he said once. "But you can't take them too seriously. You can't get yourself put affected by them. When they tell me their problems, I listen. But I can't tell them my problems, because they wouldn't understand. It's people like your father and mother who understand the important things."

I was about fifteen and a half when Durant first talked to me about girls. He asked me how I got along with them, and I didn't know how to answer. Truthfully, I was not very popular. The nice girls—the bright world girls—looked down on me as dunces or nerds and bade them goodnight at the front door with a handshake or a brush against the cheek. My sexual desires were centered around the girls from the jungle world, but my fear was too strong for me to attempt anything.

My secret confessions must have told Durant what he wanted to know, for he said if he could trust me implicitly he would do me a favor.

"What?" I asked him.

"First, you must promise not to tell anyone. Your parents, your sister, anyone. Do you promise?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll give you the name and phone number of a woman who will arrange things for you. Do you understand?"

"Yes. But why are you doing this?"

"Because you have reached the age where this sort of experience will be good. (Continued on next page)

## THE MAKING OF A MAN

for you. You are an intelligent boy. You must know why it is important for you to have this sort of experience now."

The thrill of excitement I got when I thought about going to a newly house was not entirely due to the idea of having sex for the first time. This was to be a field trip to the very depths of that dark world which so frightened, yet enthralled me. It was to be an adventure without real danger, a safe and protected journey under the eyes of Durant.

I decided to make my journey in disguise, using a false name. The personality I chose was Hale, after the first great American spy. I picked George for my first name. It had a solid sound to it and was the name of kings. I hoped that some of the magic of kings would rub off on me.

The woman whose name Durant had given me was Mrs. Watson. She was thin and temperamental with a splinterish, almost a schoolteacherish air. To her unmarked in the East Fifties, attractive, healthy prostitutes came to meet her enormous list of clients. All I can remember, now, about the physical layout is that it was tastefully furnished and that a copy of the New York Times Book Review section invariably rested on a low coffee table.

On my first visit, Mrs. Watson introduced me to a tall blonde girl named Emma. For a few minutes she played with us, making small talk while Emma and I sat on the livingroom couch. Then, she left, telling me not to be shy. "Put your arm around her," she said. "Act like you would if you were out on a date."

I tried to take Mrs. Watson's advice. My hand found Emma's shoulder blade and remained there, near her side. I could not bring my fingers to wonder anywhere else. Finally, Emma led me into the bedroom.

I watched the girl's body reveal itself as she took off her clothes and realized I should do the same. She was slim and small-breasted. She showed no concern at her own nudity, as if unconscious of the vulner-

ability of all persons of her sex.

"Well," she said, "Now we're all ready."

"Yes." I was not so much frightened of her as I was in awe of the jungle quality I saw in her. "Tell me. Are you very sensitive?" "What?"

"I have all sorts of fantasies I see in, but we don't want anything to happen ahead of schedule, do we?"

I shook my head, managing a grin. "All right. Then, how about this?"

I had to act casual, confident. I had a different name. I was somebody named George Hale. This was George Hale's world and he could throw himself into it without hesitation or fear.

As George Hale, I visited Mrs. Watson's many times. Looking back on it today, after having visited many bordellos in many countries, I'd say that she was one of the best places of my kind. I knew of it was clean and quiet, and the girls were well equipped to give a male anything he could ask for.

But what can a reasonable man ask for in a prostitute? Certainly not love. A whore is a business-woman. She is as shrewd and unemotional as a clerk in a state unemployment office. But a skilled whore, like any good professional, will take pride in her work and give value for value received.

What a prostitute has is an expertise in sex that other women lack. If a woman you love should sleep with you, she will demand that you make love to her and thrill her even as she thrills you. But a good whore expects nothing of the sort. She, herself, will remain unaffected while she uses her talent to plumb a man's sexual nature to its depths. She will concentrate wholly on his reactions.

I did not know then when I visited Mrs. Watson, as a boy, however. I was young and thought only that I was finding me in the dark jungle.

About eight months after my first visit, Mrs. Watson introduced me to a woman I had not met before. She was about thirty-two with a quiet face, full breasts and legs and a

narrow waist. Her legs were slender.

"You sure you two will get along," Mrs. Watson said. "George is a good friend of the Durants."

The woman looked startled. "He won't tell them to put me here, will he?"

"No. Of course not," Mrs. Watson looked upset by the fact that she had given me the information and hesitated to reassure the girl. "George is a good boy. You won't say anything," she said to me. "Will you?" "No."

Helen and I went into the bedroom. I looked on curiously as she undressed.

Once that first time I had grown more frank about going at the girls when they were naked, I stopped comparing their bodies in my mind; they were all so similar yet different. I grew curious about women I met in the street and wondered how they would look exposed to my retreating stare.

"You won't tell, will you?" she said, kneeling naked to help me off with my clothes.

"Won't tell what?"

"The Durants. See, we were friends. I know them well."

For the first time I realized she was asking, pleading, to be taken seriously. Her as a human being.

It was with a kind of astonished awe that I saw she was in fear of me. I was almost unable to grasp it. The woman in her thirties, mature, hardened by her life in the jungle world, was frightened by a mere boy of sixteen from the soft world of light. And yet it was true. Her whole body, looking more nakedly exposed, even, than a woman's usually does, cried terror from every element.

"No. I won't tell," I said again. "You promise?"

"I promise."

She stood up. Helen replaced her. "Come here and I'll show you how sweet things can be."

And she did. In gratitude, maybe, or maybe hoping to instill a sense of gratitude in me. Whatever the reason, I had never known such sensation before. (Continued on p. 48)



## THE JOKER'S GEMS

The rain was pouring down on back-  
out as the firing squad marched the  
prisoner to the place where he was  
to be executed. "What a miserable,  
darned day for a man to die on,"  
moaned the prisoner.

"You should complain," answered  
one of the guards. "We have to  
march back on this."

"Well, had to have your River shot,"  
George sadly told Gene.

"Was he mad?" Oscar inquired.

"Well, George said sadly, "He  
wasn't exactly congealed about it."

It could only have happened to  
Groomer's. The steady customer a  
plump woman in her 40s was sud-  
denly stricken with a heart attack.  
The doctor said there was no hope  
and her family crowded tearfully  
around her bed to bid her goodbye.  
With a tremendous effort, she

opened her eyes and spoke her last  
words. "Goodbye I'm going I'm  
dying, cha-cha-cha."

The new bridegroom was sitting in  
a bar the morning after the wedding  
and looking 'em back like Probation  
was just around the corner. A  
friend came in and spotted him and  
asked what the trouble was.

"It's awful," the groom explained,  
downing another shot. "I woke up  
the morning and from force of habit  
I pulled a twenty-dollar bill out of  
my wallet and stuck it under the  
pillow—like I was single."

"That's not so bad," said the friend.  
"Maybe your wife is mad now, but  
she'll get over it. It's worse your try-  
ing one on about it."

"That's not why I'm trying one on,  
the new hubby explained, reaching  
for the bottle again. "You don't un-  
derstand. What's so horrible is that  
half asleep as she was, she gave me  
ten dollars change!"

The owner of the motor colony was  
intrigued by one inhabitant who had  
a beard all the way down to his knees.  
"How come the beaver?" he  
wanted to know.

"It's this way," the bearded man  
explained, "somebody has to be able  
to go out for coffee."

Mortimer was ailing and his doctor  
advised him to take a long rest in  
Miami. The rest came too late,  
though. He'd been there two months  
when he had a sudden heart attack  
and died. His corpse was shipped  
back home for burial and his wife  
and a friend went to the funeral  
parlor to pay those last respects to  
Mortimer in his coffin.

"He sure looks at peace doesn't  
he?" Mortimer's wife sniffed.

"Yes," the friend agreed. "But  
why wouldn't he?" After two months  
in Miami?

Mr. Wuppelmeier came home from  
his mah-jong game to find hubby  
George packing his bags.

"Where do you think you're go-  
ing, you cat?" she asked him.

"I'm leaving you," he informed  
her. "I'm going to Iceland. There's  
a tremendous shortage of men there  
and male physicians are in demand.  
They get \$50 a throw. That's the  
life for me."

His wife burst into laughter.

"And what's so funny?" he asked.

"I just got a picture of you trying  
to live on \$48 a month," she giggled.



# THE TOP TEN

During the coming year a showgirl will have to have



Dolores Costello's gimmick is to lead the audience. With appeal such as hers, they love it

Showgirl shows are the props around which popular exotic Fanny Lynn builds her routine



# EXOTICS FOR 1961 ...

... something besides beauty to hit the top circuits. She'll need originality and zest, like these dancers!



When western like "Broken Arrow" becomes the biggest thing in TV viewing, Princess Dorey decided to utilize an Indian motif in her dances.



Basic rhythmic songways keynotes her-petuous Judo's act. It's wild and ferocious!

Boudicca is her dressing room, top 440-lb. Scarlett O'Hara considers new angles.

**PULCHRITUDE** is flourishing in circles across the country and the art of the exotic dance is flourishing along with it. From New York's Latin Quarter to L.A.'s Sunset Strip, top toned tupp-erchereans have developed new acts stirring new gustacks, new angles, new treats to delight night club customers and glances fine across the country. Where once it used to be enough for an exotica to just doll her dude, or toss her torso, the risks have refined and developed the art until it represents originality in showmanship. As the 1961 season opens, there are busy girls around who amply demonstrate this showmanship. Two among them are the two girls featured here. So, on with the show!





Progressive jazz sets the mood and provides the background for Anna Louise Pablo's act

The reticent appeal of her native Paris background is in every envelope motion of voluptuous Rene Andre



Ever-popular Lily Apres conveys an old-world elegance in her night club routine



Tassels and frills are put to good use by Jane Allen in a dance that has top appeal



It should be quite a year with deeply erotic like Ann Rivers to give it a sparkling '87 start!





# The World's Greatest Lover

BY CHARLES V. HENO

AS THE OLD MAN sat drowning in his chair on the bench at Rion, a lovely young June strolled by in a smart bathing suit that revealed to perfection every voluptuous line in her body. Instinctively the heavenly-minded eyes flicked open, lingered momentarily on the shimmering female body, then wearily closed again. He muttered something beneath his breath.

"What is it, Frank?" his wife asked solicitously.

"Nothing, nothing, my dear," he wheezed. Tears burning in his eyes, he reached blindly for the spectacle on the table beside him, gulped it down and clamped back into the chair. His nervous fingers released their grip on the glass, it rolled into the sand.

At the age of 75 this life-long bachelor and international fornicator, author of a five-volume autobiography as outrageously candid, scandalous and pornographic that it is still banned in almost every civilized nation of the world, suddenly had discovered that he was dead. That night he wrote his own epitaph.

"There is an end of time, and an end of the evil thereof, when delight is gone out of thee, and desire is dead, thy mourning shall not be long."

Frank Harris was many things to many men. To some he was the most colorful, Bartholomew and controversial figure of his time, a genius who squandered his considerable talents in constant pursuit of the tender, the scord and the second-rate. To others he was an unprincipled scoundrel, liar, cheat, literary leech, rascal and blackmailer whose life was "a movement of profanity, sexual swaggers and distortion."

But to the women who crossed his path he was the most sensual, sexually attractive, virile male they'd ever met. A little gambock of a man hardly five feet five inches in height, with a dark, tough, ugly face, big ears and a badly imperial mustache, he was endowed with a veritable fashon of a voice which reached two tones lower than the written word. As one woman put it:

"His great voice penetrated your, vibrated inside you, and his boldness, the swift stroke toward the very heart of you, put you in his grip. From there on you were hypnotized, there wasn't much chance."

"Kape?" his voice would boom out at a brilliant gathering of London elite. "Any sensible woman would relax and enjoy it!"

"However," he would roar at a fashionable dinner party. "No, I know nothing of its joys. My friend Oscar Wilde no doubt can tell you all about it."

That is a time when respectable people recoiled from any mention of sex as from the devil, and Oscar Wilde was considered to be the devil on the flesh. Harris not only used such words—and worse—to shock, he used them as a shorthand to seduction.

In "My Life and Loves," he unabashingly admits that he was one of the great lovers in history. And he names names after spicy details in obscene words in chapter after chapter of the five volumes, to prove it.

He reveals that he first discovered sex at the tender age of five. Striding into his aunt's room early one morning, he sur- (Continued on page 78)

in priest Frank Harris

unmeddled the world, in

society he unmeddled

all who came in contact with

him, and in the household,

he scandalized even himself

Such was the man that

no woman was able to resist



## THE PASSIONATE NAME-DROPPER

(Continued from page 3)

barista, the shouting and passing, the clink of cigarette smoke and clink-clink-clinking of wine glasses which passed for the Bohemian life at Patsy's. Under one arm she hugged to her hip an artist's sketchbook and a photographic film on Geopon which contained recent reproductions of some of her work.

Bending her one of the writers slumped her fat on the bar loudly and shouted "Warner! A fat! Not to be mentioned in the same breath with Carnot. Next you'll be quoting Gide and saying the long word is the ultimate reality of nonexistence!"

The girl stepped back from this newest outburst and turned away from it. The result was that her bosom pressed warmly against Wallace's shoulder. "They're awfully excitable, aren't they?" she said to him.

"Yes." He smiled. "If you believe something, you always get excited when you talk about it. At least most people here do."

"And does he believe in what he's saying that strongly?"

"Right now he does. Tomorrow—who knows?"

The girl frowned thoughtfully for a moment and then a smile chased the frown from her lips. "You're a philosopher as well as an artist."

"Hardly that—but how did you know I was an artist?"

"It's written on your face." She was teasing him.

Wallace blushed—a habit which went back to his pre-Village days, but one which he'd never been able to overcome. To cover his confusion, he asked if he might buy her a drink.

"What wine, please," she accepted.

He glanced at her fobs and asked if she was an art student. She said she was and they embarked on a discussion of technique and lighting and the mixing of colors. Wallace forgot the talk elementary, and he might have been bored if the girl hadn't hung on his every word with such ardent attention. He almost had the feeling that she was firing away his opinions mentally making a conscious effort to memorize his words.

"Look here," he said with a laugh after awhile, "what I'm saying isn't gospel, you know I mean, you mustn't take me too seriously. There are just my opinions."

"That's just why they're important, because they are your opinions," she said warmly. Her eyes looked deeply into his and in them he saw admiration and respect.

There weren't things Wallace was used to discussing in women and for one of the very few times in his life, his ego soared. Also, the idea passed

through his mind that he might make love to this girl. If he did, it would be the first really top-rate woman with whom he'd ever scored.

They resumed the conversation, discussing the subtle differences between abstract surrealist and impressionist art. Wallace was trying to get across a particularly obscure point and groped for words. He did

the best he could and then asked, "Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, not sure." The girl wrinkled her forehead in confusion.

"If you'd care to go up to my studio," Wallace said, his heart pounding faster, "I think I could demonstrate the point exactly."

The girl considered it a moment. "All right," she said finally.

Wallace's studio was devoted more to art than to comfort. But it did have a hot-plate and a sofa—and a



## THE MAKING OF A MAN

(Continued from page 32)

I did keep my promise. But I never saw Helen again. As far as I was concerned, she had dropped out of Mrs. Watson's circle as though she had never been in it.

For a long while I couldn't think about Helen without my whole concept of rightness and order spinning dizzily. If a jungle creature could be so frightened, I thought, perhaps there was as much thing as a jungle world or being hardened in a jungle world. Perhaps all people are joined together, not by love, perhaps, but by bonds of fear and apprehension.

The jungle, I came gradually to feel, is merely a place where a man or a woman is not. To every human being, other human beings are in the jungle. My father may well have thought of Darent as in the jungle

Darent, in turn, felt that the gangsters and chorus girls he met in his work were in the true dark world. And the girls at Mrs. Watson's, with their well-bred, drop-in elegance, surely thought of the street-corner hordes as a jungle creature.

Helen's self-respect was a thin veil, easily pierced by a snide word or a knowing look from Darent. Yet it was that veil which held back her personal jungle from invading her own bright world.

And my own self-respect? I don't know—but perhaps I found it somewhere between the sheets at the lady's house.



bed. The rest of the area was taken up with paints and brushes and two easels and black easelmen and easelings on which he was still working. The girl was impressed—that was obvious. She listened eagerly as he said one of his paintings to illustrate the point he'd been trying to make back at Pearce's.

When he stopped talking, she repeated her words softly to herself. And then she looked at him and her eyes reflected an epitome of his importance that was way out of perspective. Also the look told him something else. It told him that he was in complete command of the situation.

Wallace put his arms around the girl and kissed her. She came to him willingly—eagerly. Her body was soft and pliable as he guided her to the sofa, it responded vividly to his caresses. And after awhile he led her to the bed.

If she'd been devoted to his advances, she proved just the opposite during the act itself. She was a furious bundle of wrath and animosity and unexpected muscles. And as they reached the crest of passion together, a scream burst from her throat—over, twice, three times. "Antonio!" she cried. "Antonio! Antonio!"

It wasn't until quite a while later that the echo of it in Wallace's ears roused his curiosity. Who the hell, he wondered to himself, is Antonio? He turned to the girl at his side. She was sleeping, breathing softly, a half-smile on her lips, contentment in the relaxed, graceful spread of her body. Maybe her first love, he thought, or her most stirring one. Perhaps the hero in a book she's read, or her name for an unattainable ideal, her own personal Private Character of Never-Winter Land. Well, it didn't really matter. He went lying at her side, Wallace thought. She was the best that he'd ever had, or that was every likely to come his way. He'd be the most of it. And on that thought, Wallace went to sleep.

The sun was blazing through the studio skylight when the stirring of the girl beside him woke Wallace. "Hello there," he greeted her, smiling at her loaded, sleepy look.

"Hi." Remembrance chased awareness across her features and a faint blush accompanied both. "Good morning," she said a little lamely and broke off a yawn by burying her face in his chest.

He then stroked her bare shoulder, recognizing her embarrassment and wondering what to do about it. He was stirring anew within him provided the answer. The nature of his career changed from being comforting to being demanding and her confusion vanished in her response.

Once again he marvelled at the intensity of her passion. And once again there was that disturbing note

at the moment she cried out.

"Antonio! Oh, Antonio, Antonio!"

Some time passed, during which Wallace again heard the same shouted and again experienced the passion which accompanied it, during which there was the half-daring of the sport and finally the hunger for food which in the aftermath of the satisfying of the other hunger Wallace remembered that he was a husband as well as a lover. "How about some breakfast?" he asked the girl.

She looked at the noon sun twinkling on the skylight. "Lunch would be more like it."

"Coffee and tuna-fish sandwiches, okay?"

"Sounds delicious." She stretched languidly.

Wallace heated himself opening cans and putting the coffee on the hot-plate. When everything was ready, he arranged a tray and brought it to the girl in bed. "Breakfast is bed for Minsky," he asked. He reached to himself at the demand, she arranged the bedclothes to cover her nakedness while she ate. He sat on the edge of the bed and sipped her coffee, enjoying the sight of the little girl goodhouse with which she attacked the food.

His joy in her was complete—except for that nagging echo of "Antonio! Antonio!" He had the feeling that he should forget about it, that mentioning it might be reverting to old wounds, might in some subtle way interfere with what promised to be a delicious affair. On the other hand, it was annoying him and he knew it would go on annoying him. Perhaps it was better to have it cleared up from the start.

"Who," he asked the girl delicately between gulps of coffee, "is Antonio?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Who is Antonio?" Wallace repeated.

She stared at him.

He put down his coffee cup, swallowed a bit of sandwich and exclaimed chastely. "I said, who is Antonio?"

"Why—why you are?" Her eyes were very big. "Aren't you?"

"Well, no—My name is—"

"Aren't you Antonio?" "There was a note of hysteria in her voice.

He shook his head.

"Aren't you Antonio DeBouville?" Her tone was shrill now, her face dead-white.

"No. What made you think I was?"

"What?" Wallace stopped talking and watched in amazement.

Without another word the girl put her coffee cup on the tray and pushed the tray to the side of the bed. Then she quickly got out of the bed, all modesty at her nudity seemingly thrown to the winds, and stalked over to the sofa where her clothes were strewn, ignoring him, she began dressing.

"I don't understand," Wallace said. "Would you mind explaining what the devil—?"

She dressed quickly, not deigning to answer him. When she was dressed, she strode firmly to the door. She opened it and peered in the doorway, looking at Wallace coldly, seeming to grieve for something devastating to say. Evidently she couldn't think of anything. After a moment of staring at him with open fear more rapidly betrayed over a pair of dainty points, she turned on her heels and slammed the door behind her.

Wallace's jaw hung open for a long time after she was gone. At last he could make no sense out of it at all. Then, slowly, he began to put the pieces together. Still, the explanation he came up with was only a partial one. It wasn't until a week later at Pearce's that he understood completely.

Wallace hadn't been at Pearce's since the night he met the girl. In a writer of frustration, he'd sublimated his protection of the love affair that must have been in an ounce of work. He'd painted furiously for a week, not leaving his studio. Finally he'd worn himself out, his fingers had grown stiff with the brush, his mind had waded itself of ideas and he'd fled to Pearce's in a rage at his own emptiness, the emptiness that made him less than God on canvas.

Three drunk hours dulled the feeling. He drank the fourth one more slowly and was glad when Roger Baldwin came along to distract him. "Greetings from the lady back to the one true artist," said Roger, sliding in beside him.

Roger was a self-styled Village poet, but his real career was that of being a "character." In his peculiarly useful way, he realized that he cheerfully admitted that he was a poet who never put pen to paper and entertained other verbally in Village generally in exchange for the drinks he could judge "thickly hard" was his usual manner of referring to himself, as Wallace ignored it. But he didn't ignore the other part of his greeting.

"Why call me 'the one true artist'?" he asked. "There are lots of true artists around here and most of them are more successful than I am."

"Secrets means nothing and we both know it. You are friend Wallace, the only one around who places art above all—at least the only one that I know. You place it above liquor and tea—and even above sex."

"I don't know about that—"

Roger ignored his protests. "Take DeBouville over there." He gestured towards the bar. Wallace looked and saw Antonio DeBouville surrounded by his usual coterie of admirers. He was holding forth on the theory of



Frances Stanger and Frank Capra has also occurred in Hollywood. And even their most abandoned movies were more curious than the English product.

What of the future? In spite of a few tentative breaks in the dyke such as "Oceanic 13" and "The Apartments," it looks as if the censored row will be left on her American pedestal for a long time to come. We are not about to make fun of anything that really counts.

In England, however, satire is still going strong. One new film, for example, is "Pissin' Turn Over" which takes off on a young girl who writes a soap novel about her home town. Another is "Make Mine Music," about a society woman who heads a gang of thieves in order to donate the loot to charity.

Eventually, perhaps, when enough of these movies have been box-office winners, Hollywood will take the hint and start knocking over a few pedestals, itself. But don't count on it. Sacred cows are a handy breed and perhaps why a society which has lived with them for many centuries the way England has can have the audacity to poke them knowingly in the ribs.

## ROMANCE ON A SHOESTRING

(Continued from page 40)

just for myself!" thence right along. If women weren't so easily taken in by the love game, no man would get to first base with so easy an approach that sends the woman's mind to thinking, "If he loves me, he'll marry me," while the man's mind is thinking, "If I let her think I love her, she'll let me." There is considerable advantage to the fellow out for love and cash.

Naturally, however, there is no pleasure without its pain, and the problems faced by the man who's lucky enough to get a poor, sentimental girl who'll fall for him, is that he is also likely to have got himself a girl who Won't Let Go. Here are some ways of ending an affair quickly and cheaply.

1 Try never to let the girl know you no longer love her. The best approach for the married man is still the, "You're being a very foolish girl to waste your time on me, honey, and I love you too much to let you do it, so I'm going to be strong for both of us and end it."

2 Try the indirect approach. This means you just see her less and less often, forget to return calls but always sound delighted to hear from her when you do return the call. In

depression, the girl will turn to someone else to make her feel special and then it's easy for you to say, "Very well, if that's the way you feel, maybe you're right. There is much better for you than I am so let's let it go all right."

3 Travel. This is one of the best ways to end a love affair. A transfer to another city, or an extended business trip are perfect ways of breaking a girl's heart. At first, of course, she'll search each day's mail for the letter you promised to send, then she'll begin to write you passionate, joyful, pleading letters. Finally, she'll tell you never mind, she's found someone else, and then you can come home.

In summing up. We can promise any healthy young man a low-budget love affair if he can just be hard enough to convince the girl he loves her. The cheapest way to a girl's headless love is saying, then, simple little words: "I love you." And if you find you mean them, we're not responsible for what happens next!



# INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS

Train quickly for repeat income in the exciting, secure **Claire Investigation and Claim Adjusting** field. Our students and graduates are already earning \$4 to \$10 an hour **SPARE TIME** — and up to \$10,000 a year **Full Time**. You need **NO** prior experience or higher education. And your age does **NOT** matter.

## HERE IS YOUR CHANCE FOR ACTION AND REAL JOB SECURITY

As a trained Claire Investigator you will: (1) **INVESTIGATE FACTS** and (2) **DISTRIBUTE MONEY** as the representative of wealthy organizations.

No other business offers you greater opportunities for success and security than this huge, rapidly expanding Claire Investigation and Adjusting franchise right now. Students make money faster than any other service industry. And it's growing fast. Over 200 MILLION ACCIDENTS must be investigated this year. In Insurance Companies, Airlines, Railroads, Steamship Lines, and Government Offices.

## BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Investigate full time for part company — or spend your own business from your home and earn up to \$10 an hour as investigator for many companies. **NO** investment in equipment needed. We show you how. It's easy!

## EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

**SEND NOW** for the **FREE**, illustrated Universal Schools Catalog. We will show you how simple it is for you to become a fully qualified Claire Investigator. All those in your home can just know how that used to take years to master. And the cost is low. You may even while you learn. Many students have paid for the cost of their training in 3, 4, 5 short evenings before graduation. **FREE** a employment help. No obligation on your part. No salesman will call. Send request TODAY! **OR APPROVED**

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS INC.

DALLAS 5, TEXAS



## MAIL NOW for FREE BOOK

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS

4801 Wilshire Avenue Suite 212

Dallas 5, Texas

Please rush me your **FREE** book on Claire Investigation. I'd also like to investigate me and my children will call.

(APPROVED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR KOREAN VETERANS)

Name  Age

Address

City  State













around to pack all the belly laughs of a Gershwin chant.

Later that night I was answering over a solitary model of German Jager in a Yorkville barbershop—Bud was out of town with a night club unit at the time—when an arm was dropped around my shoulders. I wouldn't have minded that so much, but the arm was attached to Olive.

Nina Reid, the filly that Oliver proudly introduced as his new leading lady, was petite. Despite the fact that her chestnut hair was in a pony tail, her hand upon someone gave the impression of maturity, an impression heightened by her quiet self-assurance and the fact that she was built like a dressmaker's dummy.

For the rest of that night we went places and did things. It was obvious that for the first time Oliver was smiling and didn't care who knew it. As for Nina, could he be felt the same way—which would have made me feel like possessing all the other beds.

Later that night, while the three of us were having a nightcap in Oliver's den, I suggested he run the tapes of some of the early readings he had conducted with his prospective leading ladies during the past few years. Oliver shot me a warning glance, but when Nina exclaimingly chimed in, betraying for the first time the devil that lurked in the depths of her eyes—the seductressly aspect—

While the tapes were being played she refused to be drawn into conversation, simply sitting back and sipping her highball, her feet tucked under her, while she concentrated on the voices coming from the tape recorder. Olive, when she thought Oliver wasn't looking, she glanced surreptitiously at me.

Monday night I hit the fan. Oliver had just let me in when the phone rang. Crossing to the desk formerly used by his typewriter-receptionist, he picked up the phone, and from that moment on his face gradually assumed that smart new color—white on white.

That seemed to be my month for overbearing conversations. In a Southern drawl that sounded remarkably like one of those I'd heard on Oliver's tapes, the voice on the other end said, "Let you think you'd never hear from M's of me again, Honey Child?" "Well, this you and me, when we started company's office in the producer's writing room?" "You better return our thousand dollars by tomorrow. Iambic-pen, or what a rebel yell that D.A.'s gonna hear?" "If you think we don't mean business, sugar, why don't you take a look at Jack Ripley's column today, you hear?" "Sure, with a personal sweetness. 'G'bye, y' surprise-bagger." "Gee, it feel to have the rug pulled out from under you?"

For a few seconds after she had

**MEN...YOU GET ALL TEN OF THESE TERRIFIC STAG MOVIE SUBJECTS FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE!**



You must be delighted we must be thrilled you must agree that there are few good looking girls or even men in action in your movie world!

# TEN STAG MOVIE SUBJECTS

all ten only \$2.00

Run

**GREATEST ADULT MOVIE BARGAIN EVER!**

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to get ten magnificent pictures, continuously thrilling you above all the rest. LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE! Simply load up your order for all ten in place...for just ten more plus the shipping and handling charges. You'll never have to wait for the only Ten Stag Film you've got!

**WON'T YOU DELAY! SPECIAL LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER FOR NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!**

SEND NO MONEY NOW! WE'LL SHIP YOUR FIRST FILM FREE!

**TO TITAN STAG FILMS**

PO BOX 4434, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA, CALIF.

**MOVIE VIEWER SPECIAL FOR TITAN CUSTOMERS \$4.95**

each



SEND ME a thrill in heart-breaking, heart-breaking action in Titan Stag films. New titles from Titan Stag Films. 10 films giving the biggest bang-for-the-buck action in the adult movie world. Send your order or call today. See ad above.

# STAG STORIES FOR MEN

ADULTS ONLY



**the book nobody dared to print!**

**COMPLETE—UNABRIDGED—UNEXPENSIVE EDITION MOST EARTHLY INTIMATE PAGES EVER PUBLISHED!**

**OTHERS FIRST IMAGINATIONS... WE GAVE THEM THE ORIGINALS! We have found the adult world's desire for more, not for less, every volume is fully described with too little details need for word and exactly as they were when you passed them around on multiple view tape-recording sheets!**

Shedding every old time barrier such as MEN IT REMAINS, THE LOVE STORY, SAVOR IT AGAIN, THE WORD & THE SOCIETY GIRL, LOVE & THE BLONDE!

Plus many brand new ones like:

JERRY DOWNS FOR ADULTS, THE LOVE STRIKE, WHO MADE THE MAKE, MEN ARE RIGHT, and many others!

**HEAVY ILLUSTRATED WITH ACTUAL PHOTOS AND CAPTIONS BUT SENSITIVE ART!**

**\$2.98**

SEND NAME, STREET OR BOX NUMBER, CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE, TODAY! QUANTITIES TO PLEASE OF YOUR ORDER ONLY!

**UNITED PUBLISHERS GUILD 1278**  
BOX 40707, Los Angeles 40, California

hang up. Oliver stood swaying and clutching his new disc phone. The station of Jack Rapley — or "Jack the Rapper" as his past victims called him—had probably been the cruefter. He shouldered, replaced the phone, then as he glanced the paper under my arm he sprang forward and snatched it with a hoarse cry.

It was there, all right, under "Poppy Rapley's" a blind item in Jack's lowest-type memento. Over Oliver's shoulder I read:

**"A CERTAIN COPY WRITER IS ABOUT TO MAKE SOME STARTLING COPY OF HIS OWN UNLESS HE DOES RIGHT BY AT LEAST TWO OF THE MANY LOVELIES WHO HAVE STARRER, FINANCIALLY AND OTHERWISE, IN FAST PRODUCTIONS OF HIS—SHALL WE SAY—"SHEDDOM POLIES?"**

At sight of the mummy reflected in Oliver's peached egg pupils, I couldn't help feeling the same pity for him that I felt for the marine in "The Old Man and the Sea." I felt I had to say something to relieve his distress.

"Hello," I said. "It's a crash these dames won't go any further as long as they get their dough back. Apparently the mummy means more to them than their honor."

"Our Sheddom clones!" Oliver roared, holding his head. "Where am I going get that kind of dough on my salary?" He grabbed my hands with shaking hands. "Look, Cal, you gotta help me convince these chicks they'll get their sheddom bucks back, but it's gonna take time. I'm not better!" tears rolled on his nose, just "come I coned them into thinking they were gonna play the lead role."

That's when he stopped "kisser Nina Reed was standing just inside the door. I had neglected to close. Her shocked expression was a match for Oliver's, but resembled a hografter with stage fright.

"Okay, now you know," he blurted, when he could find speech again. "But to help me, with you I was on the level!" He turned to me and his voice trembled with emotion. "It's the truth, Cal, I never took a dime from her. And you can believe that or not, but all I've ever done is hold her hand."

"I believe you, Oliver," I said soothingly, "but please not holding hands of a dead right now. The question is: what are you going to do?"

For the first time that evening Nina spoke. She seemed to have made up her mind about something. "I guess that's my department, Cal," she said as she moved toward Oliver. "Would you mind?" This is sorts confidential.

"Be my guest," I said, with a Carey Grant-like wince of my head.

"Oliver, there's only one thing you

can do," Miss Page's Hollywood representative was softly saying to the stricken playwright and gently closed the door behind me. Was in my imagination or could I already hear the rustle of an agency contract?

During the rainy season I occasionally get a twinge of conscience when I think of how I had my uncle, a printer with a flourishing shop, replace the page containing Jack the Rapper's column, and insert a certain phony thing that I had prepared.

Then I tell myself that if it weren't for me Oliver never would have acquired such a lovely wife—a former actress turned agent — who helped him become a highly-paid Hollywood specialist in the art of creating coti-

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER

(Continued from page 45)

posed her in bed with a stringy man. As the price of silence, the precocious boy received a heavy daily tribute of jam and sweets. It was his first lesson in blackmail.

A few years later, placed in a girls' boarding school with his mother, his education advanced rapidly. In class he would "unintentionally" drop his pencil, get down on all fours to retrieve it amid a forest of plump young ladies. Sometimes a pair of legs extended as his hot little hands strayed and probed, sometimes, as he grew bolder, there was a snuffed shriek, sometimes the legs merely quivered, and remained still as he continued his explorations.

At the age of 12 he attempted his first seduction—only to be thwarted by fate. He managed to lure a young girl to a lonely railroad embankment one evening. The two were about to abandon themselves to the passions of young love when suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a burst of flames split the night. The girl disengaged herself with difficulty and rushed down the slope to see what had happened.

During the darkness, Frank followed. He caught up with her as she was struggling to get over a fence. His intimately exploring hands were repulsed, she broke away and ran down to the tracks where a freight train loaded with oil barrels had crashed into a passenger train, killing 22 men and women. Long after the harrowing memory of the odor of burning flesh and the screams of victims trapped in the wreckage faded, his punishment of the cruel fate that had frustrated his first fumbling efforts to crop the fruits of love persisted.

At the age of 15 he ran away from home, underkissed at Liverpool on a ship bound for America. The 12-day voyage was enlivened by his second attempt at seduction. His partner, Jessie, the young daughter of the Chief Engineer. He vividly describes

marital love scenes for other writers' screen plays.

Incidentally, after this amount of soul-searching, I wind up gasping and coughing as I realize the exquisite torture Oliver must be suffering at being unable to snash those love scenes himself! I know he could do a better job than the high-salaried sally sally who parlay them.

One thing there I am sure of: the love scenes in those plays he heartily left behind in his apartment—the apartment I moved into—didn't do a thing for me!



the two teenagers meeting by stealth every night to saddle in one of the lockers, the girl constantly repudiating his advances with the plea "Not here, later later!" Also, there was an later, at least as far as she was concerned.

He worked in New York on a bookish and on a snatching, in Chicago on a hotel clerk. Then he moved West where he became a cowboy, then "Wild Bill" Hickock, learned to break horses, fight Indians and cattle cattle. And there he was isolated into one by Miss de Fox "who small at a distance of several yards, and were liable to leave more than memorials of passion among their customers."

Years later he wrote a book about his experiences, "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy," which sold 10,000 copies. At least one authority on the Wild West denounced this literary masterpiece as "a blatant forgery of lies."

Rapidly rising of the range, he hitchhiked to Lawrence, Kansas, where he became in turn a butcher's helper, however in a gambling den, advertising salesman and university student. He was 16, and had blushed the most right of a woman at his pants pounding, parched his mouth, turned his blood to lava. In this state, he says, he was a "redoubtable, striking at anything (Hemlock) that moved."

He describes in lurid detail his intemperate with a host of local women.

There was Lorena, wife of a gambler who taught him the latest dance steps coverings while her husband was busy leaving mothers at the gaming tables. Dancing with a woman as good three inches taller made Frank giddy, he collapsed on a convenient sofa. She collapsed beside him. When they awoke hours later, it was Lorena who fell giddy.

There was his friend Lily, who played the piano for a time she and Frank made beautiful music together



## TURN YOUR HANDS, FINGERS, ELBOWS & FEET INTO SUPER WEAPONS!



WITH EASY TO LEARN **KARATE** QUICKER, BETTER THAN JUDO!

**FEAR NO ONE! WITH KARATE A 38 POUND WEAKLING CAN EASILY OVERPOWER A 220 LB. HE-MAN IN SECONDS WITH HIS BARE HANDS!**



Karate will teach you all around self defense in weeks. It can be learned at home—alone. It is the traditional Oriental method for dealing with violence and armed attack. Its objective and function is to disarm, subdue or cripple an enemy who may come unexpectedly out of the dark. It makes you the equal of any man of any weight or experience. It teaches you instantaneous, automatic defense against the most unexpected attacks. Karate is a weapon, no man can take away from you. Once you know Karate, you will fear no mugger, no man can take away from you. Once danger goes resulting your girl as you pass. You need nothing but your hands and feet, and a reasonably better constitution. The more violent and brutal the attack upon you, the more effective your defense. Profusely illustrated with actual combat photos, and anatomical charts of man's nerve centers, pressure points, and weak spots. Defense against injurious holds and blows explained by some of America's leading experts, including masters of judo recognized among the top most masters of Japan. The Japanese police and Army combat troops use KARATE, to subdue criminals and in the battlefield. For first hand knowledge, ask some friend who fought in the Pacific War, adapted to American athletic standards and techniques, you can learn the fundamentals of this master defense by yourself, at home, in weeks.

Derived by the ancient Japanese Professions, Karate is the self defense Hand to Hand combat system that is faster, more effective than judo. Karate has been used in Japan for hundreds of years. Karate was published with action-packed photos teaching you how to handle gun and knife attacks, street fighters and mugger!

You will learn just where the Karate striking points and positions are. You will learn the best defense against annoying strikes and vicious attacks. Karate was used by the best police guards of the Japanese Empire. The man and woman find it is easier to learn than judo. Until recently Karate technique was kept secret and a weapon used only for the Emperor's guards. In this very well illustrated book you are taught by one of the outstanding authors on Karate technique and everything is simplified, explained and shown so that you can more easily master the art. The anatomical charts show the pressure points for head, joints and vital areas, that's why it's only for those who are over 18 years of age. You'll see how easy it is to render your opponent completely helpless. You'll never know how strong you feel until you're strong much bigger than you are until you learn Karate. With this book you will fear no man. You will stop your feet, your elbows, and your fingers and hands on such super weapons that it will mangle you and your friends. Learn Karate self defense now! You never know when you need it. It's for men and women.

### SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

After receiving the Karate technique book, look it over, it must do everything the advertisement promises. It must raise your confidence in your ability. Possibly, it must teach you more about self defense than you ever knew before or you get your money back! Don't delay, order now on this money back guarantee. Read chapter on Karate teaches you the maximum power, all of your opponent so that you can render him absolutely helpless in seconds. Send \$2.95 Cash, check, or money order to:

**KARATE** Teaches you the Pressure Points of Your Opponent So that you can Render Him Absolutely Helpless in Seconds.

**Best Values Co. Dept. W-189, 403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey**

**BEST VALUES CO., DEPT. W-189, 403 MARKET ST., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY**

- ☐ Rush my copy of Karate Technique 1 Book \$2.95, Send Postage Pre-Paid.  
My money will be refunded if not satisfied.
- ☐ Send Deluxe Hard Cover Edition... 1 Book \$5.00, Send Postage Pre-Paid.  
My money will be refunded if not satisfied.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... City..... State.....

NOTE: Purchaser should be 18 years of age or over or get parent's permission.

believe Laura's back. Then the gamblers were found out about them.

One night while the Karenas came was playing on his best demonstration of animal prowess the owner "What's my husband be carrying when he comes home and finds us like this?" Frankie bravely struggled to get out of bed, but his muscular members clutched him to his breast, and refused to let the Lover-boy plead and reasoned in vain, only when he promised never to two-time her again did she release her strength-hold and let him make his escape. But he didn't keep his promise. There was Kate, and Rose, and many others, all in the course of a single year. They demanded so much of his time and energy that he had little left for his studies. Deciding that he was wasting his talents in the provinces, the 20-year-old adventurer put the touch on a friend and borrowed passage-money back to Europe.

The Russo-Turkish war had just broken out and young Harris got a job as a war correspondent. At the battle of Fleeta he became very friendly with General Skobeleff the Russian commander. One day the General sadly confided that at the age of 14 and 15 he had begun to chase pretty girls, as the result of youthful over-indulgence, now at the age of 40 he was almost entirely impotent.

"Good God!" cried Frank "What a dreadful fate!" Fortunately he made a vow to husband his resources.

He embarked on a tour of Europe that brought him to Moscow, Athens, Munich and Berlin. He studied at Heidelberg University—where he lectured students on "the virtues of charity." Shortly afterward, forgetting his good resolutions, he made a pass at a pretty blonde French girl met in a local beryparden, which led to a hot fight with her jealous boy-friend Remi! he wound up in the local clinic as a charge of assault and was thrown out of the university.

In gay Vienna he fell under the spell of Marie, a pretty blonde café dancer with "a piquant, vivacious face, hazel eyes and a figure preserved in all its boyish grace." She had other irresistible qualities. On their second meeting she confessed that she had lost her virginity to a Hungarian banker at the age of 15. All this was merely a preliminary to impassioned love-making, to which she brought all the versatile inspiration and skill of a highly sophisticated and well-trained daughter of Eve. He responded (the girl) with a demonstration of virility that was little short of phenomenal. They were lovers for seven mad, impetuous, magic weeks.

But he became restless. He was 20 years old now, it was high time he settled down and made his mark

on the world. One night, without a word to his lovely mistress, he packed his bags and left.

He arrived in London friendless, with no connections and even fewer prospects. With typical tenaciousness and bluntness, by a series of clever maneuvers he met and worked his way into the confidence of a prominent newspaper publisher. According to one account, he accomplished this with the help of the great tycoon's wife, who had accompanied to his rough and ready love-making.

It took him just two years to become editor of the London Evening News. He didn't have the slightest idea how to edit a daily newspaper. Yet within a short time he raised the circulation of the News from an average 7,000 copies to a robust 26,000 copies per day. He did it by lifting stories from the morning papers, embellishing them with hard details of sex and violence and serving them piping hot to midday readers. The once staid and conservative Evening News blossomed out with headlines like "Shocking Assault on an Austrian Girl," "Dramatic Charge Against a Clergyman," "Treason Charge on a Female," etc., etc.

At the age of 20 Frank Harris was a distinguished editor. Women were fascinated by his voice and animal virility, found him even more fascinating as a man of power and stature. But the great love of his life, the woman he never forgot to his dying day, he could not hold.

He met Laura when he was penniless and jobless, shortly after his return to London. A charming, highly intelligent girl with fine eyes and a lovely figure, her capacity for sexual abandon was a perfect match for his own. He recalled with relish the times he took her to the theatre.

"And there, in the darkness at the back of the box, she gave herself to me. Again and again."

One evening, after he became a famous editor, he saw her with another man. There was a violent quarrel, and a brutal reconciliation. They continued to see each other several nights a week. He paid her rent and gave her a regular allowance. They can right be spotted here in a private dining salon with his rival. Violently jealous, he exploded with rage and broke with her.

But he took her back. The affair lasted six years, on and off, then cooled. One day she came to him and told him that a Mr. Hodge, a millionaire, wanted to marry her. "A good name and a good man," was Harris' comment. They never met again.

Suddenly, to the surprise of all his friends, he married. His wife, Miss Edith May Clayton, was considerably older than he. She was not a sexy female, to her, sex was "a mildewed activity carried out after dark in near anonymity."

Unfortunately, she was immensely jealous. And Frank Harris, who regarded all sexual restraint as "an interference with the laws of nature," had no intention of reforming. He would show up drunk at receptions and dinner parties, flirt outrageously with every female—attached or unattached present—make lavishly remarks in his bedroom room. As his friend Oscar Wilde remarked: "Frank has been to every great house in England—over."

The marriage lasted seven years, they parted for mutual consent. Almost simultaneously, with the printing of a controversial article favoring anarchism, in the Fortnightly, that magazine fired Harris.

As the years passed, he drifted from magazine to magazine, increasingly entangled in controversy and involvement with the law. His vigorous defense of Oscar Wilde during the latter's famous trial and imprisonment and fight against "pastoral restraint in literature" aroused great indignation, his sympathy for the Boers in the Boer War, and later by the Germans in World War I, made it impossible for him to live in England.

He piled a number of shady financial deals which brought him into wide disrepute. Living on a lavish scale he was always broke. And he didn't hesitate to rob his friends when he needed money. As one of them said: "The worst thing in connection with Harris is not the fact that he robs his friends. It is that after robbing them he makes it his policy to attack them directly or indirectly to as to cover up his villainy."

He is known to have blackmailed several people. One of them, Lady Warwick, severely criticized him with a number of urbane letters from a certain royal personage. He sent her a pretty sum to get them back.

His affairs with women were notorious, and many. Only four years after his divorce he eloped with a beautiful, 20-year-old Irish girl named Helen O'Hara. She was his constant companion, up to the time of his death, more than 30 years later. That didn't restrain him from pursuing other females. The older he got, the younger he found them.

In Paris he seduced the 13-year-old daughter of his French mistress. A lovely, innocent young girl just flowering into prepubescent womanhood, she smothered against in the old lumber as unbridled passion. He stole into her room one night, and she did not rebel but ravished. He boasts in his memoirs of a series of unconceivable sex acts in which she willingly participated, during the few brief weeks of their affair.

In New York he was smitten with an underage shop girl who sold him cigarettes. He took her to dinner,







The party's over now. All the

fiction and articles have been read,

All the laughs have been

laughed. All of the beautiful

girls have been scrutinized.

Yes, the party's ended—but

only until next issue when ACE

will be back with lots more

beauties to dance up a glowar

stern before your eyes, like

Brenda Bacon who says "no reveal."



